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CHANCELLOR BRÜNING'S drastic financial-reform program appears headed toward parliamentary defeat. A month of negotiations has failed to win any converts among the opposition parties to this scheme, although the Social Democrats, without whose cooperation the program cannot be carried through, have indicated they may support it should they be convinced that its defeat might imperil the republic. The emphasis the program places on salary and wage reductions has prompted several of the larger labor unions, from whom the Social Democrats draw their principal support, to announce their opposition to the proposed reforms, and in consequence the Socialists are now wavering. The National Socialists and the Communists, with 32 per cent of the votes in the new Reichstag, remain as determined as ever to defeat the program. On top of this the latest Berlin dispatches report a growing popular demand that financial reform be linked with revision of the Young Plan, a move Brüning believes would be fatal to his scheme. The hoodlumism which accompanied the opening of the Reichstag on October 13, in which Hitlerites broke windows and rushed the police besides engaging in furious verbal battles with Communist delegates, does not offer much hope of an orderly government. But President von Hindenburg is reported as not having lost hope of a parliamentary solution, although prepared to throw the entire weight of his official and personal influence behind the formation by the Chancellor of an extra-parliamentary government to rule in the crisis should the Reichstag refuse the financial program.

INCREASING UNEASINESS in financial and industrial quarters has paralleled the ever spreading confusion on the political side of the German domestic problem. The uneasiness has led to a "flight from the mark"; many Germans are converting their funds into foreign currency or are otherwise investing their money abroad; the Reichsbank has lost since the elections as much as $150,000,000 in gold, most of it going to France, because of this shift of capital to foreign countries. The Reichsbank directorate has deemed it necessary to raise the rediscount rate from 4 to 5 per cent to stem this outflow of capital, although the increase in the rate has made credit more expensive in a country that stands urgently in need of cheaper credit. European and American bankers likewise believe that positive action is necessary to relieve the internal financial strain in Germany. The $125,000,000 credit arranged for the German government by a group of American, Dutch, Swedish, and German bankers may, it is hoped, go a long way toward helping Brüning and the moderates weather the economic crisis and thus probably insure the continuance of constitutional government. Nevertheless it is acknowledged that the credit does not solve the German financial problem and must be looked upon largely as a gesture of confidence rather than as that positive action Brüning and Germany so sorely need. Moreover, the refusal of French bankers to participate in the credit transaction, even to the extent of only $5,000,000 as was suggested in American financial quarters, has left the unwelcome impression that France still clings to its theory that a weak Germany offers the best guaranty for French security.

BRITISH FREE TRADE will not, apparently, be exchanged for protection notwithstanding the ingenious proposal which R. B. Bennett, Conservative Prime Minister of Canada, has laid before the Imperial Conference at London. Mr. Bennett told the conference that Canada was prepared to offer tariff preference to Great Britain and the other dominions, in return for similar preference from them, on the basis of a 10 per cent increase in any existing or future general tariffs. A 30 per cent duty, for example, as between Great Britain and the dominions, would become 33 per cent for foreign imports. As there could be no preference unless there were a general tariff to be raised, Mr. Bennett's proposal was obviously a move in favor of protective duties in Great Britain. Stanley Baldwin, the Conservative leader, immediately jumped at the bait, and not only accepted the proposal as in harmony with the Conservative idea of free trade within the Empire and a tariff barrier against outsiders, but also announced that the next general election would be fought on that issue. The protectionist raid appears to have been halted, however, by the invincible opposition of Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who will have nothing to do with protection in any form,

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and by the counter-proposal, championed particularly by J. H. Thomas, Minister for the Dominions, for a government purchasing board which shall in some way favor the dominions. The whole question seems likely to be disposed of for the time being by referring it to a committee.

ATTORNEY GENERAL MITCHELL, in rendering an opinion that the power undertaking of the Appalachian Power Company on the New River is a minor project because the river is not navigable at the dam site, threatens a serious weakening of the federal power act. Minor projects under the power act are not subject to the same control as major ones in respect to their accounting and other restrictive features of the act; and if the Attorney General's definition of navigability is allowed to stand, it is asserted that practically all the power sites in the eastern United States, including the great Conowingo project, might be taken out from under the commission's jurisdiction over accounting and capitalization. The effectiveness both of rate regulation and of the recapture provisions under which projects go back to the government at the end of the fifty-year lease period depends entirely on the rigidity of the accounting control, and it is not strange that the companies have waged a ceaseless fight to weaken such control. The notorious confidential memorandum circulated among company officials in 1929, it will be recalled, suggested the desirability of distributing the commission's accounting among accountants in the Departments of War, Agriculture, and the Interior, which, it stated, "will not have men especially trained for this work." If the Attorney General's ruling in the New River case is sustained, corrective legislation ought to be promptly enacted.

THOSE SPECULATORS who interpreted the action of the New York Stock Exchange in "investigating" short selling as meaning that the practice would be forbidden and that security prices would immediately begin to rise suffered a crushing disappointment in the days following the Exchange's action. Though short selling is an indispensable stabilizing element in any market in which margin trading exists, it is habitually regarded as somehow unpatriotic and wicked, and nowhere more than in Wall Street itself, where the "bears" must take the blame for every violent decline. No one of any intelligence, however, imagines that short sellers of themselves can bring about more than a minor and temporary decline—certainly they can cause none approaching the collapse of the last thirteen months. In attempting to trace and put an end to false rumors meant to depress security prices the Stock Exchange authorities are, of course, doing no more than their plain duty. But such investigations have a way of being directed only at speculators who believe that stocks are going lower. Why did the Stock Exchange fail to take action early in 1929 to stop the thousands of false rumors at that time which allowed stocks to be sold to the public at preposterously high levels?

GIFFORD PINCHOT, the regular Republican nominee for governor in Pennsylvania, continues to have his troubles. All but one of the forty-eight Philadelphia ward leaders have now bolted his candidacy and announced that they would support John M. Hemphill, the Democratic and Liberal Party candidate. General W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad and a leading figure in Pennsylvania politics, has resigned from the Republican National Committee because of his opposition to Mr. Pinchot, and Thomas W. Phillips, defeated wet candidate for the Republican nomination at the May primary, is out with a statement in which he attacks Mr. Pinchot as a politician whose party loyalty "is always secondary to and has been completely submerged by his personal ambitions." General Atterbury, as the head of a great railway system with immense interests in the State, should never have been a member of the Republican National Committee anyway, but the revolt as a whole, while perhaps serious, represents a phase of the old fight between the Mellon and Vare machines. Besides being dry, Mr. Pinchot has long been accounted radical in respect to the public regulation of industry, and radicalism of any kind is a heavy load for any candidate in Pennsylvania to carry.

WASHINGTON'S I. W. W. PRISONERS may derive some encouragement from a joint report just issued by three important religious bodies. The department of research and education of the Federal Council of Churches, the social-action department of the National Catholic Welfare Council, and the social-justice committee of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, at the request of Washington churchmen, conducted an inquiry into the cases of the six men now serving sentences of from twenty-five to forty years in connection with the death of the commander of the American Legion at Centralia on Armistice Day, 1919. They declare that conspiracy to kill was not proved, and that while the men were legally guilty of a crime, "the crime was not premeditated and was committed under decidedly extenuating circumstances, in the light of which the sentences seem very severe." Going beyond the immediate legal question involved, they point out that the business men and the raiders also were responsible, the outstanding fact being "the passion of the community, which made sound moral judgment impossible." Yet of all the men to blame, these six are singled out, to spend a lifetime in jail. It is a lamentable example of class justice, and the churchmen of Washington and the religious bodies making this report deserve credit for their efforts.

THE BRITISH DELEGATES to the Round Table Conference on India all represent a moderate point of view, and their appointment is an indication of the present eagerness of the MacDonald Government for conciliation and agreement if possible with the Indian delegates. The government's own delegates are Premier MacDonald, Lord Sankey, Wedgwood Benn, Arthur Henderson, and J. H. Thomas. Conservative delegates include Earl Peel, former Secretary of State for India, and the Marquess of Zetland, formerly Governor of Bengal, while the delegates of the Liberal Party include the former Viceroy, the Marquess of Reading. Neither Stanley Baldwin nor David Lloyd George is included, and Sir John Simon, as previously announced, is also omitted. While the Simon report is to be the "basis of discussion," the complexion of the British delegation suggests a willingness to grant considerable concessions, if necessary, and no effort is made to conceal the government's anxiety over the situation. Conditions in India, meanwhile, appear to be quieter; but if Mr. Slocombe's observation of the spread of the Nationalist movement, as reported in our Interna-

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tional Relations Section this week, is correct, then the real center of Indian affairs is still Yerovda jail and not London.

FASCISM HAS WON what on the surface appears to be an important electoral victory in Finland. The election was fought out on the sole issue of whether Communists should by law be barred from holding public office. The fascists and their conservative and reactionary allies have apparently won 144 seats in the new Finnish parliament, or more than the two-thirds majority needed for passage of the proposed law. The intense wave of reaction that has swept the Baltic republic in the last six months may be attributed almost entirely to the success that Russia has had in underselling Finnish lumber on the world market. As a result, the timber industry in Finland, which is the foundation of the country's economic position, is actually bankrupt. The interests suffering from this economic plight have taken up the fascist cry and have through effective slogans won the support of most of the peasants, who ordinarily are not politically minded. Their movement is not actually directed against the Communists, legislation adopted several years ago having outlawed the real Communists, but is aimed at the Left Socialists, who through clever propaganda have had the Communist label effectively pinned on them. These Left Socialists will apparently now be suppressed. The moderate parties who supported the fascists in the election may have cause for worry lest the fascists carry these tactics a step farther, hang the Communist label on them, and thus leave only the reactionary Right wing to govern a country which for years was thought a pioneer of parliamentary democracy.

AMERICAN SAMOA, a possession of the United States for thirty years, is to have a form of representative government, if the recommendations of the commission headed by Senator Bingham of Connecticut are approved by Congress. In place of a naval officer designated by the President and exercising full civil and criminal authority, the commission will recommend a governor chosen from naval, military, or civil life as the President may deem best, and a legislature empowered to make laws subject to a gubernatorial veto but with a right of appeal to the President. Appeal to the Federal District Court of Hawaii in important civil or criminal cases is also recommended. The new system, which appears to be modeled somewhat upon that of the Virgin Islands, would seem to be sufficiently elaborate for a population of only about 9,000 in an island where life is not hurried and where local politics are already well developed. It has been the policy of the naval governors to avoid interference with local customs without popular consent save where they conflicted with United States laws, and to prevent the alienation of land—important because practically all of the land is privately owned. This course, which it is to be hoped may continue under any new scheme, is in striking contrast to what a writer in the English *New Leader* of July 4 last described as "the record of tyranny, persecution, and callous brutality" which has characterized the administration of Western Samoa by New Zealand.

REVOLUTIONARY VERSE, even if so far recognized by law as to be duly copyrighted in the United States, is a dangerous thing to be connected with if an immigration inspector takes a notion to look into it. Robert Parsons, better known by his pen name Marcus Graham, is in the toils and threatened with deportation for having in his possession a copy of "An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry," from Euripides to Sandburg, which he edited. He is further charged, falsely it is said, with having crossed the Mexican border at El Paso without the permit required of aliens; for which offense he was arrested in California, confined in jail at Yuma, examined privately by a federal board of inquiry, and refused the public trial which he demanded. All this in the land whose Constitution and virtuous ideals and habits Mr. Hoover praised to the skies at King's Mountain. The American Civil Liberties Union is doing its best to secure justice for Mr. Parsons, and the group of Rebel Poets is spreading information about the case.

THE DEDICATION of the Harding memorial at Marion, Ohio, has been indefinitely postponed. The memorial was built in 1926; since that time attempts have been made from time to time to persuade first President Coolidge and then President Hoover to take part in a dedication ceremony. Both gentlemen are alleged to have refused. Can it be that Mr. Hoover and Mr. Coolidge have at last heard some of the rumors that have been current about the doings in Washington during the Harding Administration? As Vice-President and as Secretary of Commerce, respectively, during the palmy days of the Ohio Gang, they were, of course, in a cloistered position which did not provide them with opportunity to hear and digest the local scandal or read about it in the newspaper accounts of Senatorial investigations. Now that they are out in the world, the one as a newspaperman, the other as President of the United States, they are more in touch with things. It might be thought, however, that having kept silent all these years about one of the most scandalous administrations in the history of American politics, they would have been a little more gracious to see the comedy through to the end, to assume, as perhaps the large majority of their fellow-citizens assume, that President Harding was the dupe of his ambitious friends, and to make the final ironic act of the play the dedication of his tomb.

AN INTREPID, modest, and fast-moving aviator is Captain Frank M. Hawks. This young man took the trouble to arrange for an official count on his flight across the continent and back, for which he now holds the record, as he does for the flight from New York to Los Angeles. But ever since then he has been quietly adding to his speed records whether there was someone to check his time or not. He flew from Detroit to New York several weeks ago in 2 hours and 41 minutes, declaring when the flight was over that he had not tried to make a record but "was just coming home"—at an average speed of 254.7 miles an hour. On October 6 he flew from Boston to New York, a distance of 190 miles, in 53 minutes, along about the time his wife was making the same trip laboriously in an express train that crawled along at 40 miles an hour. A day or so later, having occasion to fly from Philadelphia to New York, Captain Hawks made the trip in 20 minutes, an average of 270 miles an hour for the 90 miles! A short while ago speeds like these would have been incredible; in a little while we shall take them as a matter of course. When we do, aviators like Captain Hawks will deserve a good share of the credit.

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Presidential Silences

PRESIDENT HOOVER maintains an eloquent silence on the many important questions before the people. That silence remained conspicuously unbroken during the addresses which he recently delivered; for, in fact, he said almost nothing except that the good old American ways were the best ways and that if we cling to them, all will be as well with us as possible in a relatively bad world.

In his speech at King's Mountain Mr. Hoover did give us in a sentence his idea of government and a good social system:

> In the American social system, through free and universal education, we train the runners, we try to give them an equal start, our government is the umpire of fairness. The winner is he who shows the most conscientious training, the greatest ability, the strongest character.

And this in the year 1930! The President's reliance is everywhere and always on business as the dominating active agent, while the government, without intrusion, "can sometimes give leadership and serve to bring together divergent elements and secure cooperation in development of ideas, measures, and institutions." In the present crisis, for example, the government has apparently, in the President's view, done about all that could be expected, and there is nothing now for us but to grin and bear it, remembering that we are not so badly off as some other nations, and that we might have been even worse off than we are if it had not been for the conferences of last fall at the White House.

Internationally, there is little that is more concrete or positive in Mr. Hoover's thinking. We are warned against "strange new doctrines" and are exhorted to maintain intact the superiority of our own institutions because "we know, in fact, that we have opened the door of a new social and economic system by which within our own borders we shall create the conquest of poverty without exploiting other nations." Practically we learn that "the maintenance of respect requires that we sustain a preparedness for defense that is impregnable yet that contains no threat of aggression." By the London naval agreement, it appears, "we have given demonstration to the world that we seek no domination but only adequate defense." But was there ever "preparedness for defense" that did not convey to others the "threat of aggression"?

Without wandering longer in the obscure mazes of the President's thought, it is perhaps fair to ask what might reasonably be expected of a national leader placed as he is. He need not, perhaps, go too much into detailed issues; yet it is certainly reasonable to expect him to realize something of the character of present-day society and the consequent positive nature of the duties of government. Social life, instead of being a race in which everybody is trying to beat everybody else, is really a huge cooperative undertaking in which nobody can succeed unless thousands and even millions of others play their part in working with him. Our automobile mechanics today may be out of a job because of a crop failure in the Argentine or a military disturbance in China. As a result of this greater extent and intensity of mutual dependence, governments today necessarily do a thousand things that they did not do even half a century ago. Government is no longer the police state that the President pictures. It is becoming a great agency of social welfare which performs a bewildering variety of services. In the fields of education, recreation, and public health, to mention but a few, this positive conception of government is rapidly finding expression and the President has an extraordinary chance for leadership in pointing out concretely the next lines of development. He ought to be coming forward today, for example, with a concrete program for the prevention and relief of unemployment, because unemployment cannot be prevented without positive action by government.

A word ought also to be said of Mr. Hoover's innocent notion that our government tries to give us an equal start and then see that we all play fair. On the contrary, our property system, which is maintained by government agency, inevitably handicaps the poor from before the day of their birth until the time they are laid in their graves. Whatever its merits (and they are many), it is a means to inequality, not equality. Instead of talking easily about equality under our system, then, might we not reasonably ask the President to give sober thought to practical questions of taxation, the socialization of monopolies, the extension of educational opportunities, and other practical methods of reducing inequality?

But even more pressing, perhaps, than positive social measures like those suggested above is the governmental task of bringing about the proper organization of our economic and, consequently, our political life, both domestic and international. The existing business depression and unemployment give evidence of the hopelessness of a continued reliance on higgledy-piggledy private effort guided only by prices in the mad rush for profits. What we need is bold, comprehensive economic planning, and nothing less will suffice. What Communist Russia is trying to do with its Gosplan, we have got to accomplish, if possible, by developing a scheme correspondingly adequate to our conditions. We must coordinate our productive forces so as to produce regularly the things we need and to distribute them to the people who need them. We got some beginnings of such a plan during the war, and promptly scrapped them. Much of the necessary information is already in hand, and we have made studies of agriculture, coal, transportation, and other industries that indicate some of the lines of action, but we have scarcely thought of any comprehensive planning. Is it too much to ask our Chief Executive to direct the thought of experts and business men in the direction of such an undertaking? In the international field it seems not unreasonable to expect the President to cease thinking in terms of force and to direct the thought of the people along the lines of friendly cooperative relations based on the freedom of mutually advantageous exchange of goods and ideas. Trade barriers and intellectual blockades alike are sources of mutual hostility and, ultimately, of war. We must organize our own life so that we can live in friendly cooperation at home as a condition to the establishment and maintenance of friendly cooperative relations with other peoples.

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South American "Revolt"

INTERNAL economic disorders have brought out a rather fearful-looking revolutionary rash over the surface of the Latin-American body politic. The rash spreads from country to country and appears to be of a serious nature, but actually, apart from the deplorable loss of life in the attendant internecine fighting, the only concrete effect of the disease is to provide the world press with sensational headlines. Despite the transfer of power from one political group to another, the Latin-American system of government lives on, the economic ills that have produced the series of military coups are far from being cured, and the submerged classes continue to face endless dark years with as little liberty, opportunity, and prosperity as they have ever had. Except for the apparently sincere efforts that characterized the Mexican revolution of 1917, every successful Latin-American revolution of recent decades has had the same history. The victors have made glowing promises of reform, have espoused liberalism, and have resorted to beautiful gestures of friendship for the oppressed classes, only to sink back a few months later into the well-worn ruts of despotism and dictatorship. There is nothing in the present situation to convince the impartial observer that the new governments in South America will adopt any other course. Their leaders come from the same environment that produced Siles, Leguía, and Irigoyen, and these leaders have the same social, cultural, political, and economic outlook; it has been merely the accident of hard times that has supplied them with the opportunity for wresting power from their colleagues of the privileged classes.

Latin America has been one of the major victims of the world-wide depression. Never overwhelmingly prosperous, it now finds its markets all but wiped out by the drop in commodity prices. Not only is it having difficulty in disposing of its coffee, rubber, sugar, meat, grain, nitrates, metal ores, and other raw materials, but even when it does sell these wares abroad it can do so only at a loss or, in a very few cases, at a greatly reduced margin of profit. This state of affairs has had two immediate political results. First, it has created widespread discontent, which has given the opposition party in many of the countries the necessary additional popular support with which to carry through plans for overthrowing the existing governments. This doubtless was the decisive factor in the unseating of Irigoyen in the Argentine. Elected by a record majority only two years ago, Irigoyen awoke too late to find that the hard times, which he had done nothing to alleviate, had rallied virtually the whole population behind the rebels led by Uriburu. Second, the economic depression has sharply reduced the government revenues and thus has cut down the many ordinarily lucrative sources of graft. Without this graft the military and political retainers of the standard South American dictatorship are prone to turn against the party in power, offering their services to the strongest opposition group. This is apparently what happened in Peru. Leguía saw what was coming long before the revolution actually arrived; he sought to stem the rising tide by asking Wall Street to lend him $15,000,000, but failing in this he immediately booked passage on a steamer sailing from Panama to Europe. He also acted too late; a military outbreak in the south, led by Sanchez Cerro, the present ruler of Peru, was the signal for Leguía's satellites in Lima to turn upon him and force him to retire from office. Again, in Brazil the rebels are riding along on a wave of popular dissatisfaction over the coffee and rubber slump. Many insurrectionary attempts had been made in Brazil in the last five years, but until the effects of demoralization of the coffee and rubber markets had spread to the population not one of them had had a chance of success. Cuba tells the same story; the bottom is out of the sugar market; the talk of revolution is increasing.

Virtually the only encouraging sign on the whole South American horizon has been the changed attitude of the State Department at Washington, which shows less and less inclination to meddle in the private affairs of the Latin-American nations. Apparently Mr. Hoover has decided that discreet friendliness is the wiser course, particularly when the British and the Germans are making the most energetic efforts to take away from the United States the commercial supremacy in South America that it won during the World War. Hence the eagerness with which the Hoover Administration hastened to advertise its new policy of friendship by recognizing the revolutionary governments of the Argentine, Bolivia, and Peru before they had had a chance to place themselves on the constitutional basis usually required for recognition. The policy is one of expediency, but it is also realistic, inasmuch as it recognizes the South American revolutions as not being true revolutions, but merely transfers of power from one political group to another by violent rather than peaceful means.

The World Court

WITHIN the past month the reorganization of the World Court has brought to the United States from Geneva reverberations which have significance for the question of American entry. The Cuban reply of August 16 and the results of the elections to the court merit special attention.

In September, 1929, the League had proposed certain amendments to the statute of the court—increasing the number of full judges from eleven to fifteen, increasing their salaries, requiring their constant attendance at The Hague, prohibiting their engagement in any other professional occupation, providing that the court shall remain in continuous session, and particularly providing that the amendments shall come into force not merely by ratification, the customary method of adopting treaties or changes in treaties, but by an absence of objections.

Cuba alone among the nations had the courage to point out that these changes were both improper and unnecessary—that the court would not have business enough to warrant continuous sessions, that overseas judges were discriminated against by the unnecessary requirement of permanent residence in or near The Hague, that eleven judges and four deputies were sufficient, especially as the Assembly already had power to increase their number if deemed essential, that the economic condition of Cuba (and presumably of other countries) did not warrant increased salaries at this time, that the existing rules preventing the judges from engaging

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in international cases were sufficiently restrictive, and above all that the absence of objections is not the equivalent of formal ratification, and that such a provision violates "the general principles of international law, constitutional law, and the established practice in contractual relations between countries."

The Cuban reply is unchallengeable both in substance and in form, and in presenting it Cuba actually served the League and the countries of the non-European continents. Cuba's reward consisted of violent denunciation by those who at Geneva wished to "put over" these changes. The changes seem nevertheless to have been acted upon by the League in the form of an Assembly resolution omitting the requirements of permanent residence and abandonment of professional practice, Cuba not objecting. Perhaps the election of Judge de Bustamente was the price of acquiescence.

The elections themselves indicate that those who help the League, and especially those who enjoy the favor of France, secure election. Others do not. Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, which have numerous competent international lawyers and judges, have not been in the good graces of the League managers and hence get no judges. Of course Russia, Turkey, and Mexico are disregarded. Guerrero (Salvador), a leader of the anti-American forces at the last Pan-American Conference, and Urrutia (Colombia), both of whom are in favor at Paris, secured election. Thus the Latin-American system of jurisprudence is represented by Cuba, Colombia, and Salvador! However, Spain, the mother-country, is favored by the reelection of Altamira, primarily a historian, and even Portugal obtains a deputy judge, Da Matta, a generally unknown person. On the other hand, among the nineteen judges and deputy judges Scandinavia has no representative, though it can furnish many splendid jurists, a term which would hardly include Hammerskjold of Sweden, the youthful registrar of the court who nearly captured a seat. France can probably count on seven or eight votes in the court, that of her own Fromageot, that of Belgium (Rolin-Jacquemyns), Poland (Rostworowski), Rumania (Negulescu), Jugoslavia (Novakovitch, deputy), Colombia (Urrutia), Salvador (Guerrero), and possibly Finland (Erich). Germany is honored by the election of Schücking, a warm pacifist and conciliator, but not especially distinguished as a lawyer. Van Eysinga of Holland has been an ardent worker for the League and presided over the Geneva conferences which rejected the important Reservation 5 of the United States Senate and adopted the Root formula. Redlich, of Austria, a deputy judge, while a profound scholar, has had no experience in international law. Erich (Finland) is a man of parts. Wang Chung-hui is promoted from deputy to full judge and deserves it. Hurst (Great Britain) and Fromageot (France), long the politico-legal agents of their governments, are on that account open to objection as judges. The reelection of Anzilotti (Italy) and the election of Adatci (Japan) assure a measure of first-class ability and high qualifications in the court. Mr. Kellogg's age and lack of knowledge of either French or international law will prove severe handicaps.

On the whole, the obviously political character of the elections, the preponderance of French influence, and the reception given to the Cuban objections will hardly strengthen the chances of American adherence to the court.

Verisimilitude

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, in his latest novel, "Cakes and Ale, or the Skeleton in the Cupboard," has raised anew the question not only of how far a writer may with taste and discretion describe the actual lives of actual persons, but how far it is humanly possible for him to do so. One of Mr. Maugham's chief characters in the current novel has been identified with Thomas Hardy; another with a well-known English novelist, still very much alive. In "The Casuarina Tree" Mr. Maugham paid his respects to all the critics who complained of him for telling secrets about living persons. The novelist, he said in effect, necessarily takes his material from life, either from his own experience or from the experience of persons he has observed; he could not possibly give a complete or accurate account of what had happened to any given person. There would not be space to write it or time to read it, even if he could ever know all sides of any situation. He must select; and in his selection lies his trade.

What does a novelist take from life? He can describe, and most novelists do with some success, his own experiences, in so far as they affect him and not somebody else through him. He cannot, of course, remember actual conversations, even those he has heard with his own ears. He must improvise here and there, trusting his inner ear to guide him to the essence of many conversations. His own childhood, when he tries to recapture it, he sees through a veil of later experiences, through years spent in acquiring information and discretion. Some things he actually remembers to have lived through, some he recalls only because he has heard them repeated by others. He writes of his nurse, who took care of him so fondly when he was six. He does not remember her very clearly, but he saw in the park the other day a nursemaid who had a mole on her nose. That will describe his own nurse. He could not say for certain what his nursemaid's sentiments were toward himself, but he makes her devoted before his parents, and a little querulous when they two are alone. So the fiction grows, inextricably mixed with the fact. It is even more mixed when he writes about his friends. Smith has run off with his stenographer; perhaps his wife was trying in private, although in public she seemed charming. The novelist, supposing him to be so wanting in invention as to steal such a story, must decide concretely that the wife, in private, made scenes, broke teacups, and cursed the butler.

If the novelist is of a pleasant and receptive temperament he is likely at least once a week to have to listen to the confidences of some acquaintance in the midst of an emotional turmoil—material, that is, for a novel. To retell it, the writer must fill in details he does not know and shape it to make it a work of art. Or must he not tell it at all? A popular American writer a few years ago wrote the story of his own marriage to a woman he hated. He wrote it in detail—with some details, probably, that were not true, but with many that he could hardly have invented. It was not, certain critics said, a gentlemanly thing to do; but the novel was excellent. "To be a writer and a gentleman," Mr. Maugham complains, "is so difficult." As difficult as to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

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Skipping Bail

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

THE young Communists who took refuge in Russia rather than serve five to twenty years in North Carolina prisons probably did not know how sharp a blow they delivered to the labor movement in America when they forfeited their bail. They knew that they were victims of a class war; that they had been convicted in a trial in which race, religious, class, and sectional prejudice characterized every act of the prosecution and invaded the bench, while men who had shot down labor organizers went scot-free; and no doubt they felt that they could serve their ideals better as free men than in unmerited jail. They, and the American Communists who defend their conduct, and the moguls of the Communist International who welcomed them to Moscow as heroes escaped from class-war dungeons should know the facts.

Let us go back to the days of red hysteria in war time and after. At Chicago in 1918 a hundred members of the I. W. W., including Big Bill Haywood, were convicted en masse of unlawful conspiracy and sentenced to serve terms of from one to twenty years in prison. The trial was a farce; it was a judicial lynching. But the higher courts upheld the verdicts. Meanwhile, however, most of the leaders were released on bail. They were needed—to raise money for the defense, to carry on the work of their organization—and they worked hard and loyally through three years that preceded the final court ruling. Then, just before they were due at the jail, in April, 1921, Bill Haywood and six others quietly took ship for Russia. Their bail—$65,000 of it—was forfeited. I saw Haywood in Moscow that summer. He told me that the Communists had assured him that the bail would be repaid—from Communist funds. It never was. The two friends who had pledged their home to get Haywood out of jail almost lost the house; it was finally saved through the almost superhuman efforts of the rank and file of the I. W. W. Those boys, by nickels and dimes, raised the $65,000. Not a cent of that bail was lost. If it had been, leaving a black scar on the record of American labor prisoners, it is probable that the seven Gastonia Communists would never have got the bail that released them from jail pending final settlement of their case. If the I. W. W. had not skimped and saved, and virtually broken their organization to pay that debt of honor, Fred Beal and his comrades probably would be in a North Carolina prison today, and would not have been out of it since their first arrest.

Because these men saved their skins in Russia the next class-war prisoners may have to stay in jail. Judges are only too ready to set vengeful bail against Communists. Communists should not forget that a New York judge first sought to hold William Z. Foster without bail and set the bonds of his comrades at the exalted figure of $10,000 each on a charge of assault. The flight of the five to Moscow gives judges a plausible excuse for what before was obviously sheer persecution. Judges will say unctuously: "We must keep these men in jail; Communists have no sense of honor and will forfeit any ordinary bail."

There is another story behind the history of bail. Back in the hysterical war days, when I. W. W.'s, Socialists, pacifists, and labor organizers without any coherent philosophy were being arrested wholesale—and, naturally, were appealing to their well-to-do liberal friends to bail them out—Albert DeSilver, Hollingsworth Wood, and others who had been indorsing such bail funds set up the National Bail Fund, a revolving fund which was to provide bail much more rapidly than was possible when appeal had to be made to individuals. It did so serve, though its funds were unfortunately tied up in interminable deportation cases. The recent recurrence of persecution of "reds" made it obvious that another such fund was needed. Accordingly, the American Fund for Public Service—the "Garland Fund," established with money which the involuntary millionaire, Charles Garland, turned over to Roger Baldwin and a group of colleagues—set aside a sum of $100,000 to bail out radicals. (It was the Garland Fund, too, which provided most of the bail for the Gastonia Communists.)

It was the legitimate hope of the directors of the Garland Fund that this sum could be made to cover, cheaply, rapidly, and effectively, the urgent bail needs of the American labor movement even in periods of hysteria and mass persecution. Its treasurer, Morris Ernst, arranged with a surety company to write, with this fund as security, bail bonds to a total of $500,000, and probably would have been able to have that sum doubled if the Gastonia defendants had returned to face the music. He was able to assure the surety companies that labor defendants were good risks, quite different from the ordinary run of bandits who take to their heels when they can. In all the long history of American labor prosecutions the I. W. W. defendants were the only cases known to the directors in which the defendants had deliberately skipped bail. The directors believed that an "experience table" would soon be built up, demonstrating that labor defendants were good risks, and that accordingly the surety companies would be ready to write more bail bonds and that thus it would be possible to guarantee that in all ordinary cases labor defendants would not have to stay in jail for lack of bail bonds.

All that belongs to the past. The exodus to Moscow has spoiled the experience table. The labor record does not look so good. The Garland Fund's $100,000 can still be used to write bail bonds, but it will cover many, many fewer cases, because bail will be higher and the surety companies will demand fuller coverage.

Doubtless the Gastonia fugitives were unaware of this story. Doubtless, too, the Moscow leaders who decided to treat these men as heroic refugees from class tyranny were not aware of the nature of the American bail system, and of the effect their action would have on subsequent labor prisoners in America. But the Communists in America know it. The people who have helped the Communists out of their scrapes know it. The American Civil Liberties Union has already, quite inevitably, voted that it will raise no more bail for Communists, though it will continue to help defend them.

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The five Gastonia defendants were at first divided as to what to do. Three of them wanted to stay in Russia; two, Beal and Hendricks, fully intended to return and go to jail, and the American Communist leaders were with them in that determination. They did their best to make all five men return. But the Moscow officials yielded to drama and sentiment, hailed the five as heroes, and persuaded all to stay; and since the Moscow decision the American Communists have been uneasily silent—except for one editorial outburst of approval in the *Daily Worker*. At first they announced that, like the I. W. W., they would raise the money to repay the forfeited bail. Now they seem to be accepting the easy theory that to do so would reveal a silly bourgeois sense of honor. The old Russian leaders carried conviction because they had what they called a "revolutionary" sense of honor, startlingly like what is today sneered at as bourgeois. They would not have saved their own skins at the expense of a whole movement.

Is It Safe to Fly?

By FRANCIS D. WALTON

ANOTHER dirigible, this one bound out for India from England, has gone down, carrying to death in flames forty-eight men, among them leaders of the Air Ministry to whom had been assigned the task of establishing the British empire in the air. The excuse-makers and the defenders of man's right to a place in the air—if he really wants it—rush forward to prevent a wholesale condemnation of a theory and practice of transportation through and above the clouds given to the world by the late Count Zeppelin.

We have assorted excuses: "It didn't have helium." "They shouldn't have used hydrogen." "After all, what is British airship experience? It stems, you know, from nothing more practical than the capture of the wreck of a German Zeppelin in the World War days." "Ours are sounder." "There was an error in navigation. They should never have been so low." And if these were not enough, the heavier-than-air men were on hand to offer others, to make clear the difference between "impractical Titans of the air" and our sturdier machines of wings that do not depend on gas to stay up.

But this time the heavier-than-air advocates were not permitted to smile and gloat so long as usual. The day after the R-101 crashed on a hillside near Beauvais, France, a Junkers plane of the Lufthansa Company, Vienna bound, came hurtling down from the skies to end in a tangled mass of metal near the Hellerau, Dresden's flying field, killing six men and two women.

These wrecks make big news stories, the dirigibles the bigger ones because there aren't so many dirigibles. The stories, with the alphabetized lists of the dead, in print hardly cold for breakfast consumption, make long and speculative reading. And reading we ask, "Is man getting anywhere in this dream of his to travel with the birds?" So each new failure brings demands for new answers to an old question, How safe is flying, really?

Each time it appears easier to give an honest affirmative answer to the query. For each time we have accumulated more figures, more impressive and more comprehensive ones than the last time, to show that between these regrettable accidents, frequently as they may appear to come, there is being built up a solid, safe, and world-wide use of aircraft that can no longer be ignored. The Transit and Communications Section of the League of Nations furnishes the latest and most authoritative answer on the present status of the transportation work being done today off the surface of the earth. The League has just released its 1929 survey of world aviation. It tells us that during the past year airplanes operating on regular schedule flew a distance of 41,250,000 miles. More than 600,000 passengers were carried during the year on these regularly operated airways, with an average of 145,000 passengers carried a distance of 625 miles.

Today there are 787,125 miles of railways in the world and there are 136,875 miles of established air routes. The first railroad was laid in the United States in 1828; our first regularly operated airway was opened in 1918. Last year 2,000 commercial airplanes were in constant operation over the existing network of the world's sky roads and successfully moved 14,000 tons of merchandise and postal matter. Here are more figures. There are now more than 10,000 airplanes of every kind in the United States, one for each 11,000 people. Several of this country's largest air-transport systems have a record of two or more years of regular operation without a single passenger death. The League's figures on air-transport mortality, based on statistics covering a five-year period, are one passenger death for every 2,441,405 miles flown in the United States; one for every 2,551,035 miles flown in Germany; and one for every 2,331,815 miles flown in Great Britain. This it must be remembered is for a five-year period, with the mortality rate falling in each successive year. Today the death-rate in the air in the United States is approximately one death in every 8,000,000 miles flown.

These are figures which should have some significance. There are more available for those who may care for them. But what can we make of them? The answer is, exactly nothing. This is so for the reason that a comparison of flying experience with railroad experience based on the present-day operations of both shows us that the railroads are about 100 times safer than air travel. But this conclusion does not take into consideration the comparative ages of the two forms of travel. We do find from studying the statistics of air transport that each year the record of safety in airplane operation grows stronger and the deaths become fewer per million miles flown. If then we should take the comparative ages of air and railroad travel and assign an arbitrary value to the difference, it might be possible to project the curves to a point that would show that in the future a seat in an airplane will be safer than a seat in a Pullman.

But we shall get nowhere with such comparisons.

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America's 26,000,000 automobiles killed more than 25,000 people last year. The country's 10,000 planes accounted for 178 deaths. Shall we compare these? No, for there would be no satisfactory answer there to our question, Is there danger in the air? There is one thing pertinent in these last figures. The 25,000 automobile deaths do not deter the users of the four-wheel machines from continuing to drive their cars. And the reason does not seem hard to find. Common sense born of actual experience with the machine informs the automobile driver that the motor car each year proves a safe conveyance in covering millions of miles. The death-rate becomes really insignificant, not by virtue of the available statistics, but purely as a result of personal experience. It is because people generally lack personal experience in aircraft that the crashing of a dirigible on the other side of the world or a serious accident to a single plane convinces them that flying is dangerous. The 10,000 planes that flew successfully are ignored, the record of safe operation of the dirigibles is thrown out, and the two failures are taken as confirmation of a personal conviction that aviation is unreasonably unsafe.

For most of us there seems to be a mystery behind air accidents. It must once and for all be accepted that airplanes today do not just fall without reason or disintegrate in flight. Germany, Italy, the United States, France, and Russia—countries which do the bulk of the world's flying today—have been compiling statistics for some years on the causes of airplane accidents. In all these countries the largest single contributory cause is the same. It is listed as "personnel error" or "personnel failure," more commonly called "pilot trouble." In 1929 the United States government, through its Bureau of Aeronautics, reported that 55.75 per cent of all the air accidents were attributable to personnel. The next largest cause was engine failure, which accounted for 18.95 per cent. Airplane structural failures caused 11.26 per cent, this figure taking the burden of deaths in experimental aircraft, including stunt performances; and miscellaneous causes, 8.47 per cent. In the miscellaneous class weather was credited with 4.12 per cent; airport and terrain, 2.12 per cent; darkness, 0.61 per cent; and other miscellaneous causes, 1.62 per cent.

The figures as they come to us appear to be sufficiently eloquent to disprove any claim that human flight is inherently fallible. Rather the figures would suggest that we need a new type of pilot—not an ex-war flier or a dare-devil of the air-mail trails who has only his own life and a motto from the writings of Herodotus to consider. We need, rather, more "railroad engineers of the air." Science has recently given us through the inventive genius of the late Elmer A. Sperry the mecaviator, which automatically keeps a plane on an even flight keel without any attention required from the pilot. And although blind landing has not been solved, blind flying through fog, rain, and clouds is now possible and the airways division of the Bureau of Aeronautics has recently installed an electrical sky road over the Alleghanies, through the medium of the radio beacon, which mail and passenger pilots can now follow merely by reading an instrument on the dashboard of their planes.

Other improvements will come. The successful development of the autogiro suggests the possibility of slow perpendicular descent for all types of heavier-than-air machines. There will be further development of automatic weather reporting, and a widening margin between the top speed and the landing speed of planes, the real secret of safety in flight. All of these will place less and less importance on the obviously fallible human element. The airplane mortality rate will continue to decline, and the possibility of an accident in the face of the mounting total of safe mileage will dwindle into the insignificance which the auto accident now enjoys.

But for those who would fly today, thinking of the R-101 and the Junkers plane that crashed at Hellerau through the pilot's error in judging the gliding angle of his craft, and rejecting as an accident the Graf Zeppelin's five safe crossings of the Atlantic and her round-the-world trip, there is sufficient reason for assuming that air travel is near that goal where it will no longer be subject to the insult "But is it safe?" To believe that an unqualified negative is the correct answer to such a question one must ignore the record which seems certain to be made in the United States this year of one death for every 10,000,000 miles flown. That is the figure. Each individual must judge for himself if it indicates a sufficient margin of safety to lure him into the air.

In Memoriam

(A. J.)

By EDA LOU WALTON

Not thus: bewildered by the branching bough
That having plucked its heaven withers now,
Nor by thin snow enhanced and blinded in,
Chrysalis wound in silver and akin
To star, not thus your anguish break
For its perfected sake.
Never shall wind deliver its cocoon,
River with tears your Spring, the iron moon
Rose early here.
Pitiless heaven holds no vaster Word,
O bird, metallic, bright, unhallowed bird,
For all your plumage hushed, wind-hovering done,
For all your ruinous flying at the sun.

II

Thus to take Death: defiant and unbowed
Beneath the self-inflicted torture of a mind
Wilfully rimming chaos with its proud
Electric irony;
To see, with the eye widened, all heaven trod
By seared, forbidden, much-bewildered feet,
And like a lightning-rod convey this anguish down,
Withering ground.
Rod splits to star, pallbearer to your breast,
O stricken one, O stony bosom reft
By an intangible, destructive fire!
Even with wisdom in fair seed to yield
Immaculate lilies over your battlefield,
Lightning had so impaled each lily's heart
Fragrance were arrows in cruel counterpart,
Your frangible brow toward the iron sea
Put off the wreath of its mortality.

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French Prosperity Fades

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

APPARENTLY France is human like the rest of us after all, subject to the same economic ills and by no means immune to the current hard times. Owing to the publicity given the remarkable industrial and commercial activity of the country, the impression has gained wide circulation that France was a country apart and would through some magical economic law unknown to the rest of the world remain prosperous in the face of depression elsewhere. This view has been shared by many publicists and business leaders in the United States and has been at least partly responsible for the strong political position held by France on the continent of Europe. Now, however, come reports of unmistakable industrial and commercial recession in France and, more important, of the beginning of a buyers' strike. The thrifty and cautious French are reducing their consumption even in the field of essential wants. Foreign trade is described as being "at an abnormally low ebb"; the industrial-expansion program has been sharply curtailed; car loadings have dropped off to a marked extent; tax receipts have decreased; labor troubles are developing; the number of bankruptcies has gone up some 15 per cent. Added to these difficulties has been the intensification of the decade-old agricultural depression by the low crop yields of the past summer. The economic indices already have revealed an unusual slump, but observers read into them the growing probability that France has yet to feel the full impact of the world-wide depression. They believe this will come late in the winter or early next spring.

French industrial and commercial prosperity of the past several years has been based upon a number of factors, of which three may be considered as having been particularly influential. These three are the reacquisition of Alsace-Lorraine, the reconstruction of the devastated areas, and the inflation. Alsace-Lorraine brought into the French economic system a highly developed iron and steel industry, a soundly established textile industry, an extensive supply of iron ore, and new and valuable chemical resources. The energy, labor, and material required in restoring the devastated districts stimulated industrial activity throughout the country and virtually wiped out unemployment. Moreover, the industries in these regions were completely modernized in the process, thus greatly increasing their efficiency and raising the level of efficiency of the French industrial plant as a whole. Inflation, however, appears to have been the dominant factor. The London *Economist* recently had the following to say concerning the French economic situation:

> The direct effects of inflation on French economic life are somewhat hard to trace . . . but whatever the exact mechanism, the inflation has for years undoubtedly held French prices, expressed in terms of gold, at a level rather under that of most other industrial nations. Even since stabilization the relatively low gold level of wages and of retail prices has been largely responsible for keeping French industry extremely active. Indeed, the only possible explanation of the continuation of high employment in France is to be found in the assumption that French internal prices have not yet been adjusted to the world level and, therefore, shelter France to a considerable extent from the influence of world-wide economic forces.

Taking this assumption for granted, it may with safety be said that the protection thus afforded France is wearing exceedingly thin. The rapid decline of commodity prices in other countries has brought the world price level somewhere near that obtaining in France. This is apparently already true of wholesale prices, the French monthly average having fallen consistently in the past several months more or less in unison with world prices. In view of the direct relation of wholesale prices to imports and exports, this at least partly explains the recent slump in French foreign trade. It cannot yet be said to be true of retail prices, which in France have increased 16 per cent since the franc was stabilized and which in the past year have continued upward in the face of falling retail prices elsewhere, showing an increase of 3 per cent since July, 1929. Thus, the French retail-price level is climbing toward the descending world level, and once these two have met, France will again become completely susceptible to outside economic influences.

Meanwhile more tangible evidence is at hand that France is on the verge of a period of very serious depression. A financial dispatch to the New York *Times*, dated October 3, said:

> The economic indices now show that French industry in general has slackened since July much more noticeably than is usual under the influences of the season. The conclusion is now drawn, contrary to hopes still entertained in some trade circles, that France cannot escape feeling the consequences of the world crisis.

The same view is suggested in a cablegram from the American commercial attache in Paris:

> The recession in French commercial and industrial activity registered in July was accentuated in August and particularly reflected in the continued decline in car loadings, the decrease in railroad receipts due entirely to freight shrinkage, and the smaller turnover tax returns. The basic causes for this contraction lie in the continued decline in foreign trade, which is at an abnormally low ebb, and the curtailment of the industrial-expansion program in view of the fact that present production appears adequate to meet most domestic needs.

Average daily car loadings from July 23 to August 19, the cablegram said further, fell off 10 per cent as compared with the same period of 1929, while automobile registrations dropped 20 per cent from last year's figures. Coal mining faces overproduction and increasing foreign competition. The textile industry, upon which much of France's latter-day prosperity has been based, continues depressed, with unsettled labor disputes aggravating the situation. Luxury purchases have been noticeably restricted "and in some cases the satisfaction granted to essential wants is reduced." It is even suggested that "the impairment of the national income may occur through unemployment," but this for the moment appears to be a remote probability, inasmuch as France doubt-

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less can send back to their homes most of the million to a million and a half foreign workers who were imported during the peak of the boom, and thus adjust her labor supply to existing conditions.

Further proof that depression is approaching may be found in the growing volume and alarmist tenor of the complaints from industrial and business quarters against the current tax rates. "Give us relief from high taxes," they say in effect, "and we will guarantee continued prosperity for France; otherwise we doubt very much that France will be able to hold its own in the struggle for economic existence." Premier Tardieu has agreed that "there is a limit to tax-paying capacity" and has promised strict government economy to see whether that will not at least prevent a further increase in taxes. Incidentally, the French business man's philosophy in this respect is strikingly similar to that held by many business men in the United States, but it has not been recorded that the many reductions in federal taxes have served to stave off hard times in this country.

One important factor in the French economic situation that cannot be overlooked is the position of agriculture. France is still predominantly an agricultural country. The most recent census showed 53.7 per cent of her population to be wholly rural and dependent upon farm incomes for their living. The total value of the 1930 farm products has been estimated at $4,000,000,000, which is approximately half the value of all French production for the last twelve months. Hence depression in agriculture is bound to have a marked adverse effect upon the entire economic structure of France. It is true that there has been a farm crisis in France in almost every year since the war, but the reaction upon the rest of the country has been checked by the extraordinary factors already mentioned that have kept French industry and commerce prosperous. Now that the influence of these factors has been considerably weakened and some sort of economic crisis appears to be waiting just around the corner, the agricultural position takes on vastly greater significance. Particularly is this true this year, which has been an especially hard one for the French farmer. The 1930 wheat harvest has been estimated at 67,000,000 quintals, a 36¼ per cent reduction from last year and one of the smallest crops in the past decade. Twenty-five million quintals (about 90,000,000 bushels) will have to be imported to cover domestic requirements as against the normal imported volume of only 10,000,000 quintals. The present price of wheat, depressed because of the world glut, is too low to compensate the farmer for his capital expenditures. The government is fearful lest the wheat grower become panicky and dump his grain on the market at any price he can get to recoup his expended capital. As a precautionary measure the government is working out plans for financing the farmer so that he may store his wheat and other products until actually needed. Thus it is hoped to provide the farmer with sufficient funds to carry him through the winter and at the same time prevent a price collapse in wheat that might easily undermine other commodity prices. Whether the government plan succeeds or fails, the agricultural depression is already adding to France's economic difficulties, while a collapse of farm-produce prices would almost certainly hasten the advent of hard times for French industry and trade.

On the College Frontier

IV. The Antioch Faculty Trust*

By J. F. KIRKPATRICK

IN our still youthful American society we have a great reverence for institutions that begin to be aged. We have, too, an unusual faculty for keeping their physical forms alive after they are spiritually dead. This practice is to be noticed especially in the case of religious and educational organizations. Not only our reverence for them, as belonging to the golden age of the past, but our methods of organization and administration tend to perpetuate them after they have served their purpose. They do not depend upon the interest, ability, and lifetime of one man, or even of a family. We make them immortal, as it were, by forming a self-perpetuating corporate body which is in form and in law the church or the school. These gather not only tradition and reverence, but also something more appreciable by the practical people who come after the prophetic founders—they have property interests.

The boards of trustees of our institutions of higher education are an example of this tendency. The origin of this one peculiar feature of our American college organization, the lay board of control, is worth stating. It was not until early in the eighteenth century, when our third college, Yale, was organized, that this absentee board of control was invented. The Connecticut clergy, wishing to retain control of their school for the training of ministers, and to avoid the future domination by tutorial "fellows," a situation which just then existed at Harvard, organized themselves as the college, although they had no intention of becoming teachers or resident officers. A little later Princeton adopted a similar plan, and every American college for the next two centuries, whether State or private, was begun and continued with a board of governors or trustees. Not until 1925 did a group of teachers safely hidden in a beautiful Ozark valley dare to ignore the tradition and incorporate themselves as Commonwealth College.

That this pioneer American device of trustees, very efficient in its time and happy in many of its products, has now ceased to function as the college is evident to anyone who gives a second thought to present-day college organization and government. In almost all cases the board of trustees delegates broad powers to its resident agent, the president. In a few institutions we find an administrative board functioning as the college, while still more rarely the

* The fourth of a series of articles on educational experiments. The fifth, the Wisconsin Experiment, by M. C. Otto, will appear in the issue of October 29.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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faculty actually is the college. The accidental origin of our lay board of control, its obvious limitations, and its present inactivity make it important to inquire what is to come next in our actual working academic constitutions. Conservative as we all are in constitutional and legal matters, we need not expect the academic world to abolish the lay board in the near or even remote future. We must somehow continue it, dormant though it be, a veritable vermiform appendix in the body academic.

At some schools, as at Antioch and Oberlin, the faculty has assumed a great deal of the authority legally vested only in the board of trustees. The story of Antioch is eloquent evidence in favor of the belief that those people most closely associated with the college should be intrusted with its government.

Antioch College was born in a period of venturesome educational activity. It had for its first president no less a pioneer in education than Horace Mann. He died a few years after his inauguration, but Antioch continued to live for some time a worthy life. In its early days it possessed a plant and some little property, but little or no endowment. It had also a body of alumni, a body of tradition, and a name to live by. It had also, of course, a near-immortal board of trustees. Then came the period of stabilization, or standardization, with its consequent stagnation of life in Ohio, the oldest of our Middle Western States. Antioch College became formal, conventional, orthodox, in the educational sense, if not strictly so in religious doctrines.

Antioch, like many of its neighbors, was in the way of death, and more in danger of physical death than they because it had so little of this world's goods and was located in an isolated village. Its student body sank to less than a hundred, a number quite large enough for a young and creative school, but fatal for an American college which must be large and growing if it is to be rated high. Its faculty was paid a paltry sum and its annual budget—which, next to enrolment, is regarded as the best indication of American academic prosperity—was not above fifteen thousand dollars. This was the condition in 1921. Antioch was about to close its doors and thus confess its deadness, when a miracle of resurrection took place.

There came to Antioch in the year 1921 a new leader, Mr. Arthur E. Morgan. He was a man of much experience in the profession of civil engineering, particularly in drainage and flood control. He was peculiarly free from academic habits or bias, having been a college student for only a few months and a teacher for still less time. He had discovered the chasm between the formal schooling of young people and the adventurous qualities required in his own profession. He had experimented somewhat with other non-academic people in organizing and supporting in Dayton a "progressive" school known as the Moraine Park School. He faced the problems of Antioch College much as he had faced the engineering problems at Dayton a few years earlier, when the city was suffering from devastating floods. He saw the situation as it actually was, free from hindering traditions and prejudices. He set himself to find out what needed most to be done and how the necessary ends were to be reached.

Mr. Morgan came to Antioch just when the old board of trustees at Antioch was at the end of its resources and ready to quit. Such a period offered a peculiar opportunity for a man of vision and genius. There are, doubtless, many half-dead, or quite dead, colleges in Ohio and neighboring States which will never have an opportunity for renewal until the members of their boards throw up their hands in a gesture of despair, in so far as their own management goes. These colleges must discover, as few of them have, that they have but one vital function to perform: to find the right leader and to give him and his associates a free hand. It was just on this point that the Antioch board showed unusual wisdom. It gave Mr. Morgan free rein.

The new president of Antioch passed this rich lease of freedom on to students and faculty to an unusual degree. Not only the ordinary details belonging to student "activities" were assigned to them, but also matters which are usually shared only with the trustees. The writer once heard the president of Antioch set before his students, at a specially called meeting, financial problems which would appall the ordinary faculty and seriously trouble the average board. These students, free to share in the major concerns of their college, felt also a resulting responsibility. They set about helping the president, even in a financial way. On this occasion they voted to raise their tuition fifty dollars a year, thus making a total of three hundred dollars for the half time they are in the college halls.

The faculty, as well as the student body, shares with the president the authority allowed by the board of trustees. The actual management of the college is now in the hands of the Administrative Council, which is made up wholly of faculty members and college officials. This council determines salaries, departmental budgets, and all college policies. It meets periodically with the executive committee of the board of trustees to discuss policies and problems, but the initiative belongs to the faculty committee.

Further, and still more important as insuring the future against an absentee government by laymen, certain changes have been made in the Antioch College charter. These make formal provision whereby the Administrative Council mentioned above has the right to elect one-third of the members of the board of trustees. Three members of this council, according to the provisions of the charter, are elected by the faculty and three appointed by the president. In addition, the president and the dean are ex officio members. It is true that the board retains the power of electing the president, and there is no formal provision for his nomination by the faculty; but with the board so elected and with the powers now exercised by the council, as well as the precedents now being established, it is not likely that presidents in the future will be selected and imposed without the knowledge or consent of the faculty.

Another quite unprecedented step toward self-government for Antioch College has been the incorporation by the State of Ohio of the Antioch faculty under the title of the Antioch Faculty Trust Fund, Incorporated. This very significant step, showing the unusual degree of freedom and responsibility which is exercised by the Antioch College faculty, was taken, upon the initiative of the president, in May, 1928. In its articles of incorporation the trust is authorized to "receive gifts and to accrue, convey, lease, mortgage, dispose, and administer all property, real and personal, received or acquired" by the faculty trust for the "purpose of research, improving the methods of teaching and of education, and for all other purposes proper and incident to the interest of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, and of its faculty

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and officers." Here, after the several generations which have come and gone since the faculties of Harvard and of William and Mary lost their original rights, the power of the purse has again been intrusted to people of a regular American college as well as to people *not* of the college, but merely over it.

The faculty-trust plan is significant in the evolution of the American academic constitution. It is in no way revolutionary, novel, or startling, as it may seem at first sight to the average college pedagogue who has spent most of his prolonged school life working for credits and degrees. It belongs in the present evolutionary process. It offers the president an opportunity to pass on and to share with his faculty responsibilities too heavy for any one man to bear alone. It offers an opportunity for the American college to function in its government more consistently and more as all academic institutions outside the English-speaking portions of the Americas have done for centuries. Thus, in due time, the people who are morally and in reality the college may become so, not only in the classroom and laboratory, but in the legislative and administrative offices as well.

It remains, then, for this new Antioch Faculty Trust, as for others in their turn, to obtain the funds which will make its legal powers effective. It may well prove that there are people who have property which they wish to devote to educational purposes—experienced academic people, if not people of other professions and businesses—who will at once see in this faculty trust an organization which they would rather depend upon to make intelligent and continuously valuable use of their funds than the usual lay board of trustees. And if this faith is warranted, the time may not be far distant when the faculty will become the chief financial administrator of the college.

In any event, this notable movement at Yellow Springs shows that the Antioch faculty has already acquired a status of unusual independence and that it is trusted with responsibilities which mark its members as, in fact, the college. And if their formal overlords and the State of Ohio venture to trust them with the holding and administration of college funds, probably their friends will do likewise.

When the Antioch Faculty Trust atrophies, as doubtless it will, it is to be hoped that the people of that day will have the vision and courage to incorporate the Antioch Student Trust. But "Why wait a century or two," I hear one of the full-grown Antioch students ask, "before giving us formal as well as actual standing of equality with the faculty?"

In the Driftway

NUTTING has always been one of the Drifter's favorite pastimes, perhaps because he has looked upon it as a pastime and not, as squirrels must, as hard work and a means of livelihood. But nutting, like fishing and long-distance walking—two other activities which the Drifter considers hobbies of his—is a sport in which he indulges all too seldom. Either the nut crop is negligible, or the Drifter is in Timbuktoo—he goes in only for Nordic nutting—or he somehow forgets about it until the season is over and the squirrels and small boys have won the day. This year, however, the Drifter found himself on a crisp day in early October on a farm in New England handy to hickory trees that were loaded with the best crop of nuts in five or six years, according to native records. Nutting, therefore, was inevitable. And soon after lunch the Drifter, with a large gunny sack thrown over his shoulder, followed his host to four tall trees that stood along the stone wall between the meadow and the woods. A red squirrel at work at the foot of the wall darted away, rustling the brown hickory leaves and leaving behind him a half-eaten nut. In one of the farther trees, high up, other leaves rustled. Another squirrel, no doubt, was harvesting his winter supply. The Drifter and his host stopped and listened. A nut dropped on the meadow side of the wall with a gentle ripe sound. Brown leaves fluttered down with every breath of wind. Nutting had begun.

* * * * *

THE nuts on the ground were few and far between. The squirrels and the frost had not yet begun to cut them down in earnest. But high above they hung in clusters of two or three, their green shells bursting. A strong frost and a high wind would rain them down in a single autumn night. But the Drifter's host must bring them to earth another way. While the Drifter sat in the sun in the meadow his more agile host shinnied up the rough-barked tree, shaking each limb as he mounted higher and higher. And soon the dry showers had covered the ground with quartered green shells, half-hulled nuts, and brown leaves. When the tree was stripped the Drifter did his bit. On hands and knees he crawled over the fragrant grass, hulling as he went, while the nuts gathered slowly into fresh white piles and the autumn sun shone warm on stooping backs. No word was spoken.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has already intimated that he considers nutting a pastime. What is more, he feels that to regard it as a necessary task is almost a profanation. His host worked steadily until dusk. But the Drifter must confess that his labors ceased while the sun was still warm. In mid-afternoon, he lay down in the meadow to rest his back and to reflect on the pleasures of nutting. In mid-afternoon, in October, he thought, time seems to stand still, as if bound forever in golden October silence. There were sounds to be sure. A garrulous blue jay flew busily by. Some time later a flock of crows chased a gray hawk across the sky with angry caws. But they were the sounds of a world already half-asleep. A solitary black crow walked sedately up the meadow. The sun was pleasant. Hibernation, the Drifter decided as a high-hipped cricket hurried across his chest, is an excellent idea for men as well as chipmunks. The crackle of leaves as his host moved about, intent as any squirrel, was the last sound the Drifter heard. It was very soothing.

* * * * *

WHEN the first cool airs of sunset woke the Drifter at last, his host was not to be seen. The Drifter called and an answer came from deep in the woods. He was still at work. The Drifter sat still. A sack of nuts against the wall assured him that his host would return that way. It also reminded him once more that nutting, properly indulged in, was one of his favorite pastimes.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

It Seems to Heywood Broun

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My arrest while picketing for the striking dressmakers had very little to do with my campaign. I spoke at an organization meeting of the union seven or eight months ago at a time when I had no political plans whatsoever. I was invited to parade with the strikers and naturally accepted. There is no truth in the report that I tried to foment an arrest. We were almost back to the hall from which we had started when an over-zealous policeman said that we could not march on Fifth Avenue. We had received permission to do so and seven or eight hundred marchers had already finished their journey when we were told to get off the avenue. Naturally I was irritated, and when the policeman wanted to arrest a group of twenty or thirty people, I said that if he wanted a test case one would be enough, and I was perfectly willing to be that one.

It seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that this was perfectly rational behavior. Naturally I know that pickets in labor movements are handled more roughly if they happen not to be newspaper columnists. But even an incident which had its farcical aspects might serve to call the attention of the public to the conditions which lie behind the strike of the Fifth Avenue dressmakers.

I am not so naive as to think that being arrested was helpful to me in my campaign for Congress on the Socialist ticket in the Seventeenth District. I am running in a silk-stocking district and the fact of an arrest always disturbs liberals. Of course, I lost votes, but in order to save them I would have had to surrender a principle. One of the best ways to fight police autocracy is for every individual to stand squarely on his simple legal rights. I intend to do that. I cannot be expected to grow violently angry at the individual cop who does a silly thing. He's merely part of a stupid system. Why shouldn't I shake hands with him? The brotherhood of man ought to be broad enough to include, in time, even the policemen of New York City.

New York, October 9 Heywood Broun

Grand Opera in America

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial comment in *The Nation* of October 1 on Mr. John Erskine's views on the future of grand opera in this country contains the following statement:

> A healthy American opera might catch its share of them [thousands of music lovers in America] but not, one suspects, European opera with its preposterous plots, its tiresome recitative, and its remoteness from American culture and American life.

What *The Nation* means by "healthy" American opera would probably be a difficult task even for the editor to explain. Certainly, I do not know what is meant by it. I would be interested also to know what the writer had in mind when he referred to American "culture" (in this case, I assume, referring to music). I agree that a good many operas (and they are all European), particularly the Italian and some of the French, have, especially from a libretto point of view, outlived themselves, and that it is difficult for the public today to get any sort of a thrill out of the usual stupid plots centering around a love triangle wherein a jealous lover kills his rival.

However, it would behoove *The Nation* to state exceptions. Certainly a colossal genius in opera is Wagner, and if your writer believes that recitatives in his "Ring" or "Tristan" are tiresome and preposterous, it simply means that the great symbolical depths are neither felt nor understood in all their significance, and that the listener (or in this case the writer) has not studied sufficiently the network of Wagnerian motive construction. Furthermore, if such works as Wagner's or any creation of musical genius are remote from American life, it is because the works of such masters are typically universal in character and cannot be adapted to suit nationalistic tastes or characteristics of any one country. Whatever is great in symphonic or operatic music in Europe remains also great in America, and vice versa.

New York, October 3 Hugh del Castello

A Southern Comment on Lynching

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Condemnatory editorial comment of the killing by a deputy sheriff of a Mississippi Negro under charge of cohabitation with a white woman had not ceased before the wires were spreading news of Mississippi's thirteenth and fourteenth lynchings during 1930 and of Georgia's thirteenth. The Mississippi cases are particularly ghastly. There is not even the usual flimsy excuse of "an unmentionable crime." Two Negroes robbed, but did not otherwise molest, a pair of tourists, relieving them of forty-five dollars. The Negroes were promptly arrested and were being held for trial when they were taken from custody and hanged. The Georgia outrage, which grew out of a trivial altercation between a policeman and two Negroes, seems equally without justification. The officer, according to news reports, accosted the Negroes as they were wrangling in the street. In the ensuing argument the officer was shot. The subsequent chase led to the death of another officer. One of the Negroes was apprehended and lodged in jail. Under the "protection" of the Georgia National Guard, armed with machine-guns, the Negro was shot by a posse of citizens.

I think I am fairly conversant with the South's racial problems; I sympathize with those who have tried to deal with them justly. I have long been opposed to the enactment of a law by the national Congress to punish lynchings, but if Governors Bilbo and Hardman and the executives of other Southern States cannot find a way to capture immediately persons guilty of mob violence and to punish them adequately, I think the United States had better enact a drastic anti-lynching law and enforce it rigidly until some more efficacious means of stopping lawless bloodshed is devised and put into operation. Our inhuman barbarism should be ended at any cost and by any legitimate means.

New Orleans, September 24 William Thornton

Edward W. Bemis

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Edward W. Bemis is dead. The public has lost an exceptionally competent servant, and a wide circle of friends is dismayed by an irreparable loss. But in these days of a growing appreciation of the importance of the utility issue and of campaigns organized in a dozen States to battle for the square deal in power matters, it is well to recall that Bemis

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was one of the very first voices to be heard on the public side in protest against the untoward acts of gas, electric, water, and street-railway companies. About thirty-five years ago Mr. Bemis lost his associate professorship in political economy at one of our leading universities because he would not bend the knee in utility matters. In the intervening years he has been associated with countless utility cases. One of the earliest of these was the Des Moines gas case—fought all the way to the United States Supreme Court and there decided in favor of the people.

Dr. Bemis was always on the public side and, further, was energetic, able, and resourceful in battling for public rights in a field where the opposition has always been well supplied with both money and brains. Tom Johnson, when Mayor of Cleveland, referred to Bemis "as an expert on the valuation of public-service corporations and the only such expert on the people's side."

It is a goodly company now who understand the importance of the power issue and the necessity for effecting some genuine control over utility corporations. But when Bemis began his work, there were no shouting crowds. The opposition to anyone who had the temerity simply to advocate the square deal was bitter and relentless. Bemis never weakened and he was always effective. So let us remember him gratefully.

New York, October 15 MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE

Capitalism or Cooperation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: According to the article in *The Nation* of September 10, England apparently is not "played out," at least not the working class of England. Might I add the following footnote to that article?

In 1929, year of unprecedented hardship for the English workers, cooperative societies reported the largest membership increase in their history, the net gain in membership being 8 per cent, to a total of 6,278,000. While capitalism was losing trade, the cooperatives made a 7 per cent increase, and for the twelve months had a business turnover of $1,124,000,000. Though the workers undoubtedly were decidedly hard up, they put an additional $65,000,000 of ordinary capital into their cooperative societies, and in addition increased the loan capital of those societies by 15½ per cent. The societies themselves returned in the form of patronage rebates to their members $135,000,000 as compared with only $123,000,000 in 1928. Moreover, while the great commercial and industrial order of Great Britain was laying off help, the cooperatives took on 14,000 additional employees. Gains in the first half of 1930 are correspondingly spectacular.

Some economist-prophet should tell us whether the increase for cooperation is as rapid as the decrease for capitalism. Is there to be an orderly transition from an exploitative economic system to a democratic order founded on the service motive, or is there to be chaos in the country where capitalism had its birth and where it has attained its highest development?

New York, September 20 CEDRIC LONG

Frank Norris

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am working on a biography of Frank Norris. I should be grateful for copies of letters from him that any of your readers may have or for accounts of personal contacts.

San Diego, September 12 FRANKLIN D. WALKER

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Books, Drama, Architecture

Again This Quiet Day

By DAVID MORTON

Now when these autumn days again are turning,
As other autumns turned, through rust and red,
And the broad maples and the elms are burning
Like torches lifted for the royal dead,
I walk again these roads where lights are lying
Across the stricken glory of the year,
A little sad that summertime is dying,
But glad to think of winter evenings near.

This homing heart of mine is happiest still
In moving thus through one more quiet day
That burns itself to embers on the hill,
And finds me coming, in my usual way,
Up to this house whose yellow window light
Has drawn me home how many an autumn night.

"Progress" Without a Goal

Individualism Old and New. By John Dewey. Minton, Balch and Company. $2.

IT is not pleasant to talk of the limitations of Mr. Dewey, for his reputation as our profoundest thinker is in some respects deserved, and he has brought a penetrating analysis to bear upon an astonishing range of problems. What he has to say in defense of the scientific attitude and the need for its extension is always admirable. Yet in the realm of social and individual ideals his writing has always seemed to me deeply unsatisfactory, and this in spite of the fact that his sympathies are finely liberal, and that no one shows a keener resentment than he does of social injustice.

The present volume is disappointing first of all because the final impression it leaves is an extremely vague one. For an explanation of this we may turn first to Mr. Dewey's style. That style is notoriously careless and fuzzy. It is not merely that Mr. Dewey slips easily into deplorable clichés ("something really doing," etc.) nor that his prose lacks elegance; what is much more important, it lacks (as Mr. Joseph Warren Beach has several times convincingly shown) clarity and precision. In one chapter of the present book Mr. Dewey is attempting to show, for example, that our uniformity of thought is much more superficial than it seems to be:

> We think and feel alike—but only for a month or a season. Then comes some other sensational event or personage to exercise a hypnotizing uniformity of response.

Now Mr. Dewey does not mean that the *uniformity* is hypnotizing, nor even that the response is. He means merely that the event or personage seems to hypnotize us, because our response is so uniform.

It is possible to straighten out a sentence like this, because one at least knows what Mr. Dewey is trying to say in it. But one cannot always be so confident. His confusion of style is sometimes, I suspect, a symptom of confusion of thought. He is trying, for example, to answer those who insist on the social advantages of the individual's pursuit of his own material interests:

> They ascribe all the material benefits of our present civilization to this individualism—as if machines were made by the desire for money profit, not by impersonal science . . .

This is exactly as if Mr. Dewey were to say that a man who rushes to the hospital to see his wife is brought to the bedside not by his desire to see or comfort his wife but by a taxicab. It is, in brief, in a thinker of Mr. Dewey's reputation, an amazing confusion of motives with means. And when he goes on to say

> . . . and as if they [machines] were driven by money alone, and not by electricity and steam under the direction of a collective technology,

he is again clearly confusing the physical aspect of a process with its psychological aspect. To say that the machine is driven by electricity is a completely irrelevant answer to the claim that if it were not for the profit motive it would not have been built or driven at all. In making this criticism I do not wish it supposed that I accept the claim that "all the material benefits of our present civilization" are the result of the motive of private profit. But the proper answer to those who make this claim is merely that they exaggerate the importance of that motive, that the activities it produces are often parasitic or anti-social, and that other motives might prove at least equally efficacious economically.

From the title of this book one is led to expect an illuminating comparison setting forth in detail, perhaps with a historical summary, the elements and ideals of the "old" individualism, pointing out to what extent these are no longer applicable or desirable, and then outlining the essential qualities of a "new" individualism. I must admit that I closed this book without a clear idea of what Mr. Dewey means either by the old or the new individualism. It is true that he remarks that the old individualism has now shrunk "to the utilization of science and technology for ends of private pecuniary gain," and points to the "irony of the gospel of 'individualism' in business conjoined with suppression of individuality in thought and speech," but it seems to me that a fair statement would find more than that to say for the old individualism—as represented, say, in Adam Smith, Jefferson, Mill, or Spencer. As for the "new" individualism, I confess that I do not know what it means. Mr. Dewey's analysis, indeed, might lead one to believe that any sort of individualism has become impossible. He begins by pointing out that the United States

> has steadily moved from an earlier pioneer individualism to a condition of dominant corporateness. The influence business corporations exercise in determining present industrial and economic activities is both a cause and a symbol of the tendency to combination in all phases of life.

Amusements, sports, even crime are becoming organized and corporate.

> Our apartments and our subways are signs of the invasion and decline of privacy. Private "rights" have almost ceased to have a definable meaning. . . . The publicity agent is perhaps the most significant symbol of our present social life.

Yet it seems that it is the duty of the individual to construct "a new individuality consonant with the objective conditions under which we live"—which appears to mean that we must accept these conditions and make ourselves over to fit them rather than attempt to alter the objective conditions themselves. I do not say that Mr. Dewey actually recommends this, but I do say that his recommendations remain ambiguous. There is the same equivocation in his attitude toward the machine. Science and technology, he finds, "are the forces of present

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life which are *finally significant.*" (Italics mine.) This seems a rather clear statement of the belief that man must submit to the drift of the mechanical and technological forces that he has himself developed. Mr. Dewey elsewhere appears to disown such a belief, but here again he leaves the reader in final doubt regarding his attitude.

I have said that I do not know what the "new individualism" means. Mr. Dewey does not seem to know either. "I am not anxious," he writes, "to depict the form which this emergent individualism will assume. Indeed, I do not see how it can be described until more progress has been made in its production." Yet it seems to me that only by formulating a clear idea of what we desire can we fix a goal for our efforts; otherwise we must simply drift with events. What would Mr. Dewey think of an architect who told him that he could not say what his building was going to look like until the workmen had made more progress in its construction? In the present situation, thinks Mr. Dewey, "fixed and comprehensive goals are but irrelevant dreams," and "all-inclusive ideals are impotent in the face of actual situations; for doing always means the doing of something in particular." Mr. Dewey, I suspect, is guilty of a deep-seated confusion, that between proximate and distant aims. "Ideals," he writes, "express possibilities; but they are genuine ideals only in so far as they are possibilities of what is now moving." If Mr. Dewey is talking of immediate aims this remark has practical shrewdness; if he is talking of ultimate ideals it is an abject surrender to whatever forces happen to be dominant at the moment. The sort of imagination that brings success, remarked the late Charles Horton Cooley, "is one that sees a distant summit, a general route to it, and just where to put your feet for the next ten steps." In his constant insistence upon the importance of knowing where to put your feet for the next ten steps, Mr. Dewey is fully justified. But his cardinal failure lies in his persistent refusal to tell us where the distant summit is, or what it would look like. For unless we know where we want to go, or whether it is worth while going there, what is the point in moving at all?

HENRY HAZLITT

Portrait of a Family

On Forsyte 'Change. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THESE new and, it is alleged by their author, final adumbrations of various obscure corners of the Forsyte saga were evidently a labor of love. Mr. Galsworthy in a foreword apologizes for writing again about the Forsytes, but declares they are hard to leave, after so long an acquaintance. And the reader who has found the accumulation of data about them as compelling as a lifelong friendship will not complain. It is this sort of anecdote about the various members of the family—mostly about the original ten—which makes their chronicle memorable. One can spare many pages of Michael Mont's speeches about the state of England in the "Modern Comedy" for the detail which Mr. Galsworthy has packed into "On Forsyte 'Change." The evolution from an inevitable Sunday dinner of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding to Fleur Forsyte's elegant luncheon of lobster cocktail and chicken with rice (done in a foreign style) is more significant of a changing social attitude, more descriptive of the decadence of the sturdy English middle class, than many chapters of dialectic on the subject. If the Forsytes are the English middle class, and for sentimental reasons at least I am willing to believe they are, then the middle class is not what it was, it is even declining in virtue. It was once strong, long-lived, independent, obstinate, honest, and naturally unreceptive to any new idea; it has acquired the vice of broad-mindedness, and been betrayed by it. Its Fleurs do not know what they want, or if they know, cannot get it. The old Forsytes doggedly cut out their own destinies, and once they were cut, they were accepted as they stood.

Exception, of course, must be made of Soames Forsyte, he of the unconquerable passion for Irene. Soames never got what he wanted and could not keep what he had. And in this latest volume it is Soames again who stands out most authentically. Soames, full of the ardor of his desire, watching Irene's shadow at her window a fortnight before their wedding; Soames during the war, refusing to be excited, yet moved to his very heart by what might happen to England and by the peace that found England at last. The depth of this particular picture of a man makes Mr. Galsworthy a considerable novelist, and the background of family chronicle with which the portrait is embellished makes him even greater.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

The Great Senator Aldrich

Nelson W. Aldrich. By Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

SENATOR ALDRICH is happy in finding a biographer so completely in sympathy with his principles, policies, and rather exotic conception of government. Professor Stephenson has written in a charming style in zealous defense of some rather shocking theories, and if his partisanship is intense his portrait of his subject is none the less vivid on that account. Sometimes in his partisanship, his advocacy, the author is not entirely frank with his readers, and occasionally we find a significant omission and a misrepresentation, due no doubt to inadequate research on that particular phase of his story.

Senator Aldrich was a very able man, an astute master of the art of legislative management, and a reactionary of the most defiant sort. His long-acknowledged role as the protector and agent of the rich and powerful in industry and finance made him anathema to the masses, whose resentment aroused his sardonic mirth. "Demagogues" and dreadful sheets like the *World* were wont to abuse him as the prophet of plutocracy, and now we have it on the authority of the most zealous and partisan of biographers that he was all of this and more.

The most impressive feature of the biography is the portrait that emerges and bears a singular resemblance to the "caricatures" of his foes. After all, just as crude common folk suspected, he did not even pretend to represent the people of Rhode Island. The time had passed, it seems, for that sort of thing. His constituents—and the biographer appears to think it quite all right—were the bankers and manufacturers wherever they might abide. As for the masses, "contempt for that sort of humanity was instinctive in him," and "it was never his way to have dealings with them—he would not even disabuse them when they misunderstood him." He would condescend to talk with his "constituency"—the protected industrialists and bankers—and even to Senators, "but to the world at large he snapped his fingers." Indeed, "his aim was to bring business and politics together," and as the biographer says with evident satisfaction, "he could command the solid support of the classes that signed checks and contributed to the exchequer" of the party. He was "the man who refused to play to the crowd, the firm Hamiltonian, the rebuilder of the old social regime" which had been overwhelmed by Jacksonian democracy in the crushing of the incipient plutocracy that was budding in the back yard of the Biddle bank. He was sure that "industries and interests, as such, have a right to represen-

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tation in government," and he was willing "to mold, even create economic conditions through legislation." He had "a contempt for the delusions of the crowd" and "a great respect for the exceptional man"—provided it was not a La Follette or Dolliver fighting the battles of the average man.

To sum up the Aldrich philosophy, of which Dr. Stephenson writes so sympathetically—"at bottom it was Hamilton's gospel of a hundred years ago," and "the conception of society as an economic hierarchy, which is the heart of Hamilton's vision"; which, translated into the vulgar language of Lincoln's and Jackson's "constituency," means an industrial feudalism with barons of iron, steel, lumber, cotton, sugar, and wool, and with the masses mere servitors of their betters.

We learn that Aldrich, as the leader of this Hamiltonian revival, "was in close and frequent communication with political managers in various localities," and that "being close to the source of supply, this made him stronger in molding members to his will." In other words, he had the slush funds. This is all set forth with such sympathetic enthusiasm that the reader is almost persuaded to applaud.

Strangely enough, Professor Stephenson is all too brief in his chapter on the making of the Payne-Aldrich act, and all too frequently misleading. Since Aldrich's triumph in this law saw the full flowering of his statesmanship, and resulted in the rising of the people and the wrecking of his party, it is unfortunate that the author has slighted this phase. His attempt to ascribe the insurgency in the Senate and the wrath of the people to La Follette alone is misleading and remote from the facts. But the most astonishing feature of his treatment of the tariff fight is his attempt to show that no responsible leader of the party had interpreted the tariff plank of 1908 as meaning downward revision. Thus he says:

> The truth is that in their ardor they [the wicked Westerners] had forgotten their own ambiguity, advocating downward revision with mental reservations. They would not believe that Mr. Taft could be as sincere as they while interpreting the phrase in a widely different manner.

This is an astonishing statement—comprehensible enough from a mere partisan apologist, but startling coming from a historian. The most casual reference to Mr. Taft's easily accessible campaign speeches gives a grotesque touch to the preceding quotation. It would have been so easy to have found Mr. Taft's Cincinnati speech of September 22, 1908, in which he said that the existing tariff rates had become "generally excessive" and that the "tariff ought to be lowered." Or his Milwaukee speech of September 24, 1908, in which he made a pledge of downward revision as his interpretation of the platform pledge. Or his Des Moines speech of September 25, 1908, in which he said: "It is my judgment that a revision of the tariff in accordance with the pledge of the Republican Party will be a substantial revision downward." Thus the biographer is scarcely frank with his readers when he so lightly suggests that Mr. Taft did not at any time place the same interpretation upon the tariff plank as the insurgents.

Quite as unfair is the biographer's assertion that the insurgents tried to maneuver the President into supporting them, and that "some of them have gone so far in their anger as to make the charge of virtual bad faith against Mr. Taft—as if that were credible." Surely no more incredible than that the Winona speech should have been made by the man who spoke at Des Moines. We have the public evidence of three reputable and veracious statesmen—Dolliver, Beveridge, and La Follette—that they made the fight for a downward revision on the actual request of Mr. Taft in the beginning. Incredible as it would seem that three such men would misrepresent for public effect, we need not rely alone upon these public declarations. In the private letters exchanged among these men the same claim is made, when they could have had no possible reason for misrepresentation.

This illustrates the special pleader, the advocate in full sail, the partisan in the biographer. Other similar lapses could be cited. But perhaps we should be thankful for the veracity of the portrait of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island, the admission that his policy looked toward the domination of the nation by a plutocracy, and the new illumination of the Hamiltonian concept of government.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

A Writer's Preparation

Two Years. By Liam O'Flaherty. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THERE is a tradition that a young writer must knock about the world for a time if he is ever to know anything worth writing about. Were such a preparation the prime requirement for a writer's career, Mr. O'Flaherty would doubtless take his place among the foremost half-dozen figures in the history of literature. For if we can trust this autobiographical record of the adventures on which he set out at the age of twenty-two, without referring to his service in the World War and the Irish Revolution, he has had almost as varied an experience as any writer—at least until the era of Jack London—that ever lived. Was even the prismatic social eye of Balzac, for instance, permitted to see life as a brewer, a menial, a sailor, a teacher, a hobo, a millhand, a lumberjack, a miner, a messenger boy, a printer, a baker, a navvy, a waiter, a plumber, a fisherman, a cook, a smuggler? Was Melville ever knocked out in a fight with bare fists? Did De Quincey have delirium tremens?

Mr. O'Flaherty's "Two Years"—on four continents—makes unusually fast reading. It will appeal to those who are already very much interested in this talented young Irish story-teller, and to those who enjoy a true account of rough-and-tumble adventures. On the other hand, it will not appeal to those who expect an autobiographical fragment either to reveal some events of general significance or to portray an unusual man. There is nothing in Mr. O'Flaherty's experiences that is more than momentarily exciting or amusing, and what he shows us of himself only makes us realize that he is at his best when concealed behind his story-teller's mask. The man himself is not so interesting as his talents. He has a tart tongue and a strong pair of fists, but his inner nature contains none of that depth or complexity which we demand of a writer who engages to discuss himself. In narrating an incident, for example, he seldom resists the temptation to assume the role of its righteous hero. His intellectual operations betray a similar naivete. In the end we find ourselves smiling at certain of his opinions no less than at his anecdotes.

While reading "Two Years" one recalls another young Irishman who only a few years earlier than Mr. O'Flaherty was also serving his literary novitiate. If, however, we may go by Stephen Dedalus, who was also twenty-two, it would seem that for James Joyce the preparation for art consisted in just the reverse of action. The protagonist of "Ulysses" and of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" sought above all to know himself, and so he remained passive. Instead of striking blows he received them. But with Mr. O'Flaherty, a simpler man, it was otherwise. He sought to exhaust himself, to spend the last drop of his robust vitality in a series of escapades and debaucheries, before he returned to the Irish coast, "a ghoul, speechless, gloomy . . . a godless hermit," to write his picturesque novels and tales.

GERALD SYKES

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Russia in World Politics

The Soviets in World Affairs. By Louis Fischer. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. Two volumes. $10.

MR. HYDE in hysterics. Wheat in convulsions at Chicago and Liverpool. The Quai d'Orsay excited over the relations between the Kremlin and Herr Hitler. Universal excursions and alarums over Soviet "dumping." Such phenomena as these combine to make most timely the appearance of this comprehensive survey of Soviet foreign policy. For years Mr. Fischer has represented *The Nation* in Moscow, and much of his time has been spent in delving into the archives of the Narkomindel, visiting the chancelleries of Western Europe, establishing contacts with Soviet and foreign diplomats, and collecting documents to illumine the half-light of international politics affecting the Soviet Union. Out of his labor has come not only the first complete history of the foreign relations of the first successful proletarian dictatorship, but a work which is brilliant and fascinating drama as well, handled as its theme deserves. It combines authoritative historical narration, based in large part on hitherto unpublished sources, with maps, documents, and photographs of absorbing interest and a racy, staccato style which makes the volumes as readable as a novel. The professional historian may demand more footnote references and bibliographical paraphernalia and less emotional enthusiasm for the subject matter, but for the academician and layman alike Mr. Fischer's work constitutes a definitive and indispensable account of an aspect of world politics of enormous import for the future.

The first volume is necessarily concerned in large part with the civil war and intervention of 1918 to 1921. The obscure and tragic story of the efforts of the Allies and the United States to drown the Russian workers' revolution in blood is told with many new insights and not a few surprising revelations gleaned from the Kolchak and Soviet archives. Except for cynics, revolutionaries, and students of class warfare, the tale does not make pleasant reading—and Mr. Fischer's pen is too sharp and too red for the application of whitewash. The Soviet Union's relations with the bourgeois states from the NEP to the beginning of the present year occupy the remaining 800 pages. If the author gives undue weight to the bizarre, the dramatic, and the unusual at the occasional expense of the realities of politics, international law, and commerce, the reader has no complaint.

One must search far to find fiction more thrilling than the accounts of Enver Pasha's death in his last amazing adventure in Turkestan, of Father Walsh's frustration of a Soviet-Vatican agreement, of the Kremlin's wooing of Amanullah of Afghanistan and the latter's overthrow by Colonel Lawrence of Arabia, of the drama of Genoa and Lausanne. Here are plot, counterplot, tragedy, and triumph, not unmixed with the judicious objectivity and fine sense of balance essential in a work of this kind. No other brief analysis in English equals Mr. Fischer's treatment of the Chinese revolution. The role of Moscow and of Michael Borodin is revealed for the first time from the inside, and the story presents in striking relief the realities of the present situation in China, just as the whole study illuminates the trends of post-war international relations.

Whether capitalism and communism can live side by side in "peaceful symbiosis" or are destined to clash in combat for the mastery of the world is one of the most fateful questions of the century. Mr. Fischer does not essay the task of the prophet, but his narrative furnishes the best basis for prognostication. He properly emphasizes the necessity for peace felt by the rulers of the U.S.S.R. if the industrialization of Russia is to be achieved. At the same time, without indulging in any horrendous exposure of the nefarious activities of the Comintern, he acknowledges frankly that though the Comintern and the Soviet Government are by no means the same, the Communists in the Kremlin are revolutionaries in foreign as in domestic affairs and remain faithful to the principles of Lenin. As a result, "the history of Soviet relations with the Western World is a chain of reversals relieved by little triumphs and temporary victories." Moscow is losing its illusions, both as to the world revolution and as to satisfactory collaboration with the bourgeois state system. The implacable and hostile fanaticism of the American State Department symbolizes the dislike which more realistic governments conceal.

> The Russians fear that the success of the Five-Year Plan of economic construction may so terrify the capitalist world as to make a foreign attack inevitable. There is perhaps more logic than realism in this approach. Yet, as the years go by, the Bolsheviks look to the outside world less for aid and more for passive enmity or even violent obstruction.

The prospect is not reassuring and the situation continues to develop at a speed which outdistances the swiftest observer. Mr. Fischer expects Soviet grain exports "within two or three years," but in consequence of collectivization and an unexpectedly good crop, the markets of the West are filled with Russian wheat as his book comes off the press. A few years ago Mr. Hoover pronounced Russia an "economic vacuum." Today, in the face of general hostility and the asininities of officialdom, Russian-American trade continues to expand rapidly despite a falling export market elsewhere, and Mr. Hoover's subordinates, with the eternal illogic of the economic nationalist, are scurrying about in unseemly haste to save America from Soviet competition. With Soviet economy becoming more threatening to capitalism than Soviet diplomacy or Communist propaganda, an amelioration of the inevitable friction is scarcely to be looked for. Every consideration of reason and self-interest would seem to dictate a resort to all possible means of conciliation and adjustment. But it may well be that here, as in another clash of rival economic systems, a house divided against itself cannot stand. Soviet salvation—and peace—will continue to depend upon the chronic family quarrels in the capitalist household which bar a united front and a return to the *cordon sanitaire*. But if the structure of pacific collaboration collapses, it is probable that more will be destroyed in the wreckage than anyone now foresees.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Books in Brief

Psychological Exercises. Edited by A. R. Orage. Farrar and Rinehart. $1.25.

This book ends a mystery in none too impressive a fashion. It reveals just what Mr. Orage's initiates meant when they spoke of his "psychological exercises." For a long time those who have stood apart from the Orage furor have imagined that these were something pretty impressive, but now anyone can consult this book and find that they are no more remarkable than cross-word puzzles, anagrams, and other parlor games that involve a certain literacy. Mr. Orage remarks in his preface that the older mental disciplines, Latin, mathematics, and Greek, have fallen by the wayside. They do not perform the function alleged to be peculiarly theirs. Mr. Orage would, as a mental discipliner, agree with the young man who refused to take a course in Greek on the ground that he was not going to run a fruit-store after he graduated from college. But what greater value, does he imagine, have games designed to teach one to read backwards, read intelligently passages where the words are all run together, and read passages where figures

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have been substituted for letters? Evidently he thinks that this is a tremendous contribution to the pursuit of "perfection," a pursuit in which his chief American associate is Gorham B. Munson. One can imagine idle people having some good fun with Mr. Orage's exercises, but they won't, one fears, become much wiser in consequence.

Emily. By MacGregor Jenkins. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

A young girl, just beginning to meditate on the mysteries of life and to rebel against some of the conventions of her family and her village, makes a journey to Washington and thence to a city called Phillipston. In the latter city is a preacher who is married to a commonplace woman and who is beginning to doubt the value of his ecclesiastical labors. The girl goes to the preacher's church. Their eyes meet and they fall in love. In his study, immediately after the service, they pledge eternal fidelity. The girl, however, perplexed by the fact that the minister is married, flees to her home. The minister follows her and each is confirmed in his love for the other, but decision as to a course of action is postponed. The girl ponders the problem until the man comes a second time, determined to give up everything for her sake. But she is unwilling to have him sacrifice his future, and they debate the question. "So in the stillness of the night," writes Mr. Jenkins, "on toward the break of day, a woman held at bay the man she loved and fought to save him from himself." In the end she is victorious and sends the preacher back to his home and his church. The story, according to the author's foreword, is "based on the life and character of Emily Dickinson." As Mr. Ripley would say, believe it or not.

Miss Mole. By E. H. Young. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Some years ago a small, quiet novel of English provincial life called "William" was published here. It got off to a slow start; but its reputation continued to grow after the time when most first novels are entirely forgotten. In its sureness, deftness, maturity, penetration, and charm, "William," in its own quiet field, practically attained perfection. Miss Young's succeeding novels have never quite approached it, but all have achieved distinction. "Miss Mole" is, perhaps, the best of them. It is the story of an English gentlewoman, reduced in circumstances to earning her own living, who becomes housekeeper in the family of a Nonconformist minister, and who, while busy straightening out the disorder in the lives of this awry household, succeeds in solving her own involved emotional problems. The story is unimportant, though it is skilfully constructed, and the element of suspense, delicately created, is not lacking. In the sane and subtle delineation of her characters Miss Young shows extraordinary gifts.

Contemporary Immortals. By Archibald Henderson. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

Dr. Henderson, who teaches pure mathematics and writes on Bernard Shaw, dramaturgy, history, literature, relativity, astronomy, and a few other subjects, has done something here that looks too much like pure journalism. Writing on "Contemporary Immortals," he has produced a very mortal sort of book. Einstein, Gandhi, Edison, Mussolini, Shaw, Marconi, Jane Addams, Wright, Paderewski, Madame Curie, Ford, and Kipling—these are Dr. Henderson's ultra-distinguished dozen, the persons now living whom he thinks most certain of immortality by virtue of some superlative achievement. The sketches of Einstein and Shaw are decidedly the best, but even these are too thin in human material to be satisfactory as portraits, and are equally inadequate as interpretation and criticism. Dr. Henderson's book is worth reading, but hardly worth buying to read. The late Edwin E. Slosson, who wrote two volumes on the "Major Prophets" of his day, did a much more fascinating and worth-while job.

By Way of Cape Horn. By A. J. Villiers. Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

As far back as the Oldest Inhabitant can remember we have been told that the day of the windjammer was over; that the square-rigged, deep-water sailing ship, at least, would be seen no more at sea. Yet the last of them never seems to go to Davy Jones's Locker or the scrap-heap, and a few old-timers, now under the Finnish flag, are still carrying grain from Australia to Europe. Mr. Villiers and his friend Ronald Walker joined the crew of one of these last-surviving windjammers to make a motion-picture record of the passage. Mr. Walker was killed in the rigging and Mr. Villiers had a cruel trip from Wallaroo to Glasgow, but his film turned out to be fairly good and he has written a book which is better than good. Mr. Villiers loves the sturdy old sail-carriers that battled for so many centuries against desperate odds. He makes us feel those odds and share his affection in a book that is vivid but not garish; that is thrilling because of its sober veracity. It is a better book in content and in writing than the author's previous volume "Falmouth for Orders."

Architecture

Chrysler's Pretty Bauble

THE curious thing about the Chrysler Building is its half-and-halfness. No wonder there are those who defend it ardently as a masterpiece, and others who accuse it dolefully of a "fake modernism." It is half of each. Instead of standing at the crossroads of old and new tendencies it has taken bold steps in each direction at once.

Thus, at the beginning of what is going to be a metal era, it plunges forward with the first spire of stainless steel, made after the Krupp "KA2" formula, and heaped up and up like a chorus girl's fluffy helmet; but that spire rests on a tower of the usual white brick. So from nearby it looks a little tinny, a little like a Coney Island improvisation hoisted up 800 feet on an architectural base; but at a distance it is the most beautiful sight in the whole city! From way up in Westchester, from way out in the harbor, at every time of day, it flashes and glitters in the sunlight, a silver fountain ever so much lighter, gayer, and more subtle against the sky than the customary gold.

Then there are the windows. At first it looks as if those in the corners were of the "modern" kind in which the glass goes right out to the edge without the interruption of a post, so that from the inside you can look out in two directions at a time, and from the outside the building presents a notched silhouette. There are such corner windows in the Roerich Museum building and in one or two office buildings under construction downtown. But on the Chrysler Building all this is just faked. There are no corner windows, but only black brick bands going around and strikingly suggesting them. To the pessimistic this is treachery, to the hopeful a first step; but to the analytical it is indicative. It goes to show how uncertain we are of what we are doing.

Let me explain. It was Mr. Van Alen himself, the architect of the Chrysler Building, who three or four years ago took a bold first step with windows. Two of those buildings still stand in New York, one on Fifty-seventh Street and one at Fifth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street, with a Childs in it, just beyond a curious brownstone church. Here the windows are

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remarkably fine. Huge sheets of glass, pushed out flush with the outer face of the building, turning the corner in a graceful curve, they are prophetic of a world of buildings still to come—so transparent, so airy, so weightless as to make the rest of the street look cumbersome, cluttered, and laborious. It was a brave attempt, with a genuine intuition. From it one might have forecast the building with thin metal walls, and one might have deduced the need of wide green avenues to give those windows scope, and with a little imagination . . .

What came of it? Nothing. It was ignored. There was no public to appreciate it, there were no critics to help the architect amplify it, connect it up, and divest it of the irrelevancy, in the Fifty-seventh Street example, of a steep gabled roof. A few years later there came over the books of Le Corbusier, the *European,* with an assembly of tricks in themselves very similar but more philosophically tied together, and these were taken seriously at once.

And so it goes with an architect like Mr. Van Alen, who has a good deal more courage than the majority of his "modern" colleagues, who has a certain almost desperate seriousness, occasionally invention, and a naive enterprise and belief in individuality. His happy starts, which in a country with an articulate public would be enjoyed, speculated upon, given a chance to grow and prove their fertility, are lost here for good and all; and he himself seems to have abandoned some of his best innovations in behalf of new stunts and new "effects" instead of a deepening integration.

So there stands our tallest building of the day, mechanically quite excellent, with swift elevators, with a spacious lobby excellently laid out, with good rentable offices increasing subway congestion in more than the usual way. It embodies no compelling, organic idea. Our chief gain from the Chrysler Building is a forecast of what our vast resources in metal might one day do. There is just that spire for which we may well be thankful in our over-somber city—the one simulacrum we have of the gilded onion-top cupolas of Moscow, our little spark of Mohammedan fancy.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Drama

Making War Ridiculous

WE are all pretty well agreed (it being between wars and perfectly safe to utter pacifistic sentiments) that war is an ugly, stupid, and wholly unjustifiable thing. Even if we hadn't quite made up our minds, and were still toying with the old Roosevelt doctrine that war is a tonic for the human race, the series of grim war dramas, books, and talking pictures which have been crowding in on us for the past two years would have disillusioned us. We really don't need any more anti-war plays right now. Let's save a few of them until some April when our Congress is feeling martial again and looking around for some Human Rights to defend. But, by then, it will have become treason to produce them.

Practically the last word in war plays, and possibly the last war play for some time, is Kenyon Nicholson's adaptation of the Helen Zenna Smith novel "Stepdaughters of War." Its purpose was again the laudable one of showing how war degrades, devitalizes, and destroys, this time in its relation to a group of young girls comprising an ambulance unit on the Flanders front. There is also some good bitter cracking at the dear ladies at home to whom the war is the first excitement they have had since their last straw-ride.

But "Stepdaughters of War" gets in its best work in a way which unquestionably was not in the blue-prints of either Miss

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Other Debates and Lectures—page 455

Smith or Mr. Nicholson. By making itself a composite of "Journey's End," "All Quiet on the Western Front," and "What Price Glory?" and having all the familiar heroes dressed in girls' uniforms, a splendid burlesque has been achieved. In the scene in the ambulance shack where the girls are quartered, each in her neat blue uniform and each talking much as we have become accustomed to hearing British actors talk in their stage dugouts, the entrance of the female counterpart of a brigadier general throws even the politest audience into a long-restrained titter. "Stepdaughters of War" not only makes war ridiculous; it makes war plays ridiculous, including, and primarily, itself.

Miss Katherine Alexander, who is one of our more dependable actresses, does all that could possibly be done in a role which is essentially a female version of any number of Lieutenant Raleighs and Private Knockvogels. Her scenes in Wimbledon with Warren William and G. P. Huntley, Jr., where she is just a girl, are naturally her best. The final scene of the play, in which she and Mr. William decide that there is really nothing left to live for, in spite of its sincerity and truth has the unfortunate effect of making even a pacifist of long standing like myself wonder if war is really as bad as all this. That is the trouble with pleading a cause in the theater. You sometimes get into reverse.

There is a quality about Negro revues which appeals to everyone, and which almost everyone mentions. I refer to the evident joy with which the performers enter into their jobs. "Brown Buddies" is one of the best of its class, not only because it has that superlative tap dancer, Mr. Bill Robinson, but because the humor is not based on the legendary mispronunciation of words which seems to be the basis of most Negro comedy. The remark of the buck private whose drilling lacks something of the finish demanded by the United States Government that "they sent for *me*, I didn't send for them" has more real anti-war propaganda in it than any number of "Stepdaughters of War" could dispense in three acts.

The music is, unfortunately, not much, but it furnishes a rhythm to which Mr. Robinson and a remarkable comic known only as "Red" may dance, and some notes for Miss Adelaide Hall to sing. That is about all that could be asked.

I don't think that there will be much need to discuss a little Scotch whimsy known as "Marigold," as this paper is concerned only with current events. ROBERT BENCHLEY

Contributors to This Issue

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The Weapons of Non-Violence

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

THERE is no mistaking the truly national character of the Nationalist movement in India. The fever of nationalism has spread to all classes and all communities. Bankers and mill-owners, lawyers and professional men, bazaar traders and mill workers alike have plunged into the struggle with a passionate conviction that the time has come to stake all on winning the coveted prize of liberty. Even the peasant in the villages, those innumerable villages with their intense personality and infinitely stratified local life which are peculiar to India, reacts to the emotional wave that reaches him from the towns. In Gujerat the peasants have for some years been in the forefront of the national struggle, under the leadership of Vallabhbhai Patel, who has been called the "Lion of Gujerat." The still unburied memories of previous struggles with the collectors of land revenue will make their resistance to the collection of this tax during the coming winter exceedingly stubborn.

But in other regions there are many signs that the peasant has at last been awakened to the consciousness of the struggle hitherto waged principally in the towns. He has become vaguely aware of the world economic forces and the competition of other units within the British Empire which have combined to reduce the value of his wheat crop. He has become acutely aware of the currency policy of the Government of India which has resulted in the steady depreciation of the value of silver and in consequence of the peasants' hoarded savings. But more than all this, the force of a dimly understood national solidarity has him in thrall. He has been caught up in the wave of mystic, emotional, and political sentiment which is sweeping over India like a new religion, a religion of which the prophet, leader, and deity is Mahatma Gandhi.

Tolstoyans are familiar enough with Mr. Gandhi's creed of non-resistance. But whereas in all the emergencies which Tolstoy contemplated, the passive resister found himself actively attacked or compelled to take part in an act of aggression, Mr. Gandhi has carried the doctrine of non-violent resistance several stages, although perfectly logical stages, farther. His resisters are no longer purely passive. They initiate an attack upon what they consider to be evil instead of merely resisting the encroachments of evil. They offer legal violence, if not physical violence, to British law and authority in India. The destruction of toddy-producing palm trees, and the raids on government salt works, the production of illicit salt, the social boycott of Indian tax collectors, police, and other officials of the government—carried to the length of barricading house doors, denying food and water, and even closing the mouth of village wells—and the active and successful boycott of British goods are developments of the Tolstoyan creed by which the war is actively carried into the enemy's camp.

Mr. Gandhi is no novice in the use of these unusual weapons. He employed them with success during his untiring agitation on behalf of the Indians in South Africa during the first years of this century. They are not merely an ingenious recourse of a political opportunist, although an entirely selfless opportunism is not to be excluded from the complicated mental and moral personality of the Mahatma. He believes in non-cooperation and non-resistance with a passionate sincerity. They are fundamentals of the same religion of love which drives him to criticize the faults of his own people as earnestly as he criticizes those of the British.

The difference between Mr. Gandhi and other historic rebels is that he honestly believes that Pharaoh's heart can be softened. He believes it possible, in his own simple language, "to melt the stoniest heart" by the spectacle of the sufferings of his followers. If Pharaoh's heart is not melted but hardened in the process, it is not that the process is ineffectual but that the suffering of the victims was insufficient to convince the tyrant of their sincerity. For Mr. Gandhi believes that it is as essential for the salvation of England as for that of the Indians that the English should cease to govern India.

The tragedy of India is that the present movement of civil disobedience should have begun under the regime of a Labor Secretary of State and a Conservative Viceroy who have both plainly indicated that the realization of full self-government for India was within their immediate program. It may be that these promises were too advanced for the present stage of political development in England. But it is clear that both Lord Irwin and the present British government honestly believed and still believe that a substantial grant of self-government might be made immediately. Unfortunately certain speeches made in England last winter caused doubt and suspicion to arise in India concerning the honesty of the government's intentions as well as its capacity to carry them out. Mr. Gandhi himself doubted the capacity if not the sincerity of the British government. A large section of the All-India National Congress, and particularly the young men, openly demanded separation from England and expressed their determination to achieve independence by any means, violent or otherwise. It was in fear of this peril of violence, and as a last supreme effort to gain home rule by a non-violent demonstration of force of an impressive magnitude, that Mr. Gandhi began his civil-disobedience campaign at the end of March.

Mr. Gandhi has accomplished a triple miracle in India. He has taught the meek and humble Hindu, who shudders at violence with a physical as well as a moral revulsion, to become a Stoic able to endure the blows of police lathis without fear and without shrinking, and even with a fanatical joy. And what is even more remarkable, he has taught the fierce and warlike Pathans of the Northwest Frontier and the incredibly proud Sikhs of the Punjab, to whom a blow is a deadly insult to be washed out only in blood, to fold their arms under a rain of lathi blows without protest or retaliation.

The third miracle is the steady elimination of the reli-

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gious and race prejudices which have hitherto divided India and the breaking down of the immemorial caste system. I have seen Hindus, Mohammedans, Jews, Christians, and Parsees lying side by side in the same ward of a hospital suffering from similar lathi wounds, eating from the same dishes and drinking from the same drinking vessel. I have seen high-caste Hindus break their caste to drink water offered by a low-caste Nationalist volunteer. I have seen thousands of high-caste Hindu women who have broken their purdah to picket liquor shops and foreign-cloth stores, and to lie all night in the streets under the heavy monsoon rains when a procession had been banned or halted by the police. I have even seen them rush under the uplifted arms of the police to take on their own shoulders the blows intended for the young-men volunteers of the Nationalist movement. To these people Gandhi is a prophet and an inspired leader, the incarnation of their own national aspirations, the very soul of awakening India.

In the face of all these facts one still hears the assertion that "the Indians are not fit for self-government." To this, it seems to me, only one reply is possible. Whether they are fit for it or not, it is too late to argue the matter now. They have already decided that they are fit to rule themselves, and they have begun to make foreign government impossible in India. Gandhi's march to the sea in April, his crude salt-making on the seashore at Dandi were laughed at at the time even in India, where they do not laugh so easily at such things. But within a month the agitation against the salt tax, which Gandhi chose to attack as the most grievous of the burdens imposed by the Government of India, had swept the country from end to end. It became impossible for the government to enforce the salt law. It even became impossible for the government to enforce the penalties provided for breach of the law, for all the prisons in India would have been insufficient to contain the offenders. And the result was that the government fell back upon force as a measure of repression.

It was exactly the result foreseen by Gandhi, with a wisdom that some officials in India denounced to me as diabolical. He saw that the only resistance that the government, or any government for that matter, could make to the non-violent resistance of his followers was a violent one. Instead of arresting the offenders and hauling them up before the magistrates, the police began to beat them with bamboo staves, and even on one or two occasions to resort to rifle and revolver fire. And then began the spectacle of suffering which Gandhi believes will ultimately end in the defeat or conversion of those who inflict it, and the triumph of those who suffer it.

But the weapons of Gandhi are not all moral weapons, not all destined to triumph only after much suffering and an uncertain lapse of time. One of his deadliest arms in the struggle against the British government in India is one which every business man can understand. It is the weapon of commercial boycott. The boycott in India does not for the moment extend to American goods. But although American trade at first benefited by the elimination of British goods from the private market in India, it has now begun to suffer from the general decline in trade which has followed on the unrest in the country. The boycott applies to all foreign cloth in general and to all British goods in particular—British cloth, British automobiles, British machinery, British

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Civic Repertory—14 St., W. of Sixth Ave.
‡Fine and Dandy—Erlanger's—W. 44 St.
†Lysistrata—44 St.—44 St., W. of B'way.
*Mrs. Moonlight—Charles Hopkins—155 W. 49 St.
†Once In a Lifetime—Music Box—45 St., W. of B'way.
*Stepdaughters of War—Empire—B'way and 40 St.
†The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47 St., W. of B'way.
‡The New Garrick Gaieties—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.
‡The Second Little Show—Royale—45 St., W. of B'way.
Three's a Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
*Torch Song—Plymouth—45 St., W. of B'way.
‡Twelfth Night—Maxine Elliott—39 St. E. of B'way.

Films

News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Outward Bound—Hollywood—B'way and 51 St.
Silent Enemy, Beginning Oct. 18; Little Accident, Beginning Oct. 22—Plaza—58th St., E. of Madison Ave.
Soil, Beginning Oct. 17—8 St. Playhouse—52 W. Eighth St.
The White Hell of Pitz Palu—Little Carnegie—57 St., E. of Seventh Ave.
Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt—55 St. Playhouse—E. of Seventh Ave.

Discussion

"Is the European Theatre Moral?"—Irma Kraft—Tuesday evening, Oct. 21, 8:30—Auditorium, 150 W. 58 St.

Concerts

Argentine—Town Hall—Thursday and Friday evenings, Oct. 16, 17, at 8:30.
Ruggiero Ricci—Carnegie—Friday evening, Oct. 17.
Ossip Gabrilowitsch—Carnegie—Tuesday evening, Oct. 28.
Philharmonic Symphony—Carnegie—Erich Kleiber, conductor, evenings: Thursday, Oct. 16, 23; Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:45; afternoons: Friday, Oct. 17, 24, at 2:30; Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3:00. Brooklyn Academy of Music—Sunday afternoon, Oct. 19, at 3:15.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

DEBATES

Oct. 19:
"Is Communism a Religious Superstition?"
John T. Kewish vs. Paul Miller

Oct. 26:
"Should the Weak Be Permitted to Live?"
F. M. Wilkesbarr (Nietzschean) vs. A. Goldsmith

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drugs, British radio sets, and British films. And it has strangled the already enfeebled trade between Lancashire and India.

If the boycott lasts for another year most of the material advantages of British rule in India will have disappeared. There will be left to Britain only the moral advantages of that rule, of which the benefit is uncertain, and the strategical and imperial advantages which, although constantly harped upon by diehards in England, have never been clearly defined.

This is roughly the situation. And yet it is not so intolerably bleak as it looks. The Indians, if they wish the British to leave India as its masters, do not wish to lose political and commercial association with the British Empire. But they wish this association to be one freely chosen by the Indian nation—at least as freely chosen as the association of Canada and Australia with Great Britain. Most of the political leaders I met in India have been cradled in the political history of England. They have learned in British universities the lessons of democracy and of parliamentary government, and they naturally wish them to be applied in India. If they can achieve self-government within the British Empire, all classes except the unforgiving youth of the country will be satisfied. But if they do not achieve this as a result of the present campaign of non-violent resistance, the resentment and the pride of the new generation in India will prevail, non-violent nationalism will be followed by violent nationalism, and a long and bitter struggle will begin in which the principles of Gandhi will be forgotten by both sides. England will then be faced with the terrible alternative of abandoning the country to its fate—a fate that Gandhi and other Hindu leaders contemplate without the qualms that might be supposed—or attempting to enforce her rule in India by a military reconquest of the country which would cost untold millions of lives and millions of pounds in treasure.

In England there is a school which secretly and even openly advocates this method. The iron hand in the treatment of the so-called "subject races" has always found advocates. But the iron hand can no longer be applied in the world on such a scale and in the teeth of the world's opinion. The new political generation in England believes that self-government is a just, logical, and inevitable development of India's destiny and that it cannot be indefinitely postponed, as some British politicians believe to be necessary. It believes that full self-government must come within ten years and even within five years, and from my own observation in India I am convinced that if it should be delayed beyond this time, India will cease to be a willing member of the British Empire.

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